

"FLIES," BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER -- NEXT WEEK.

THE
WAR CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

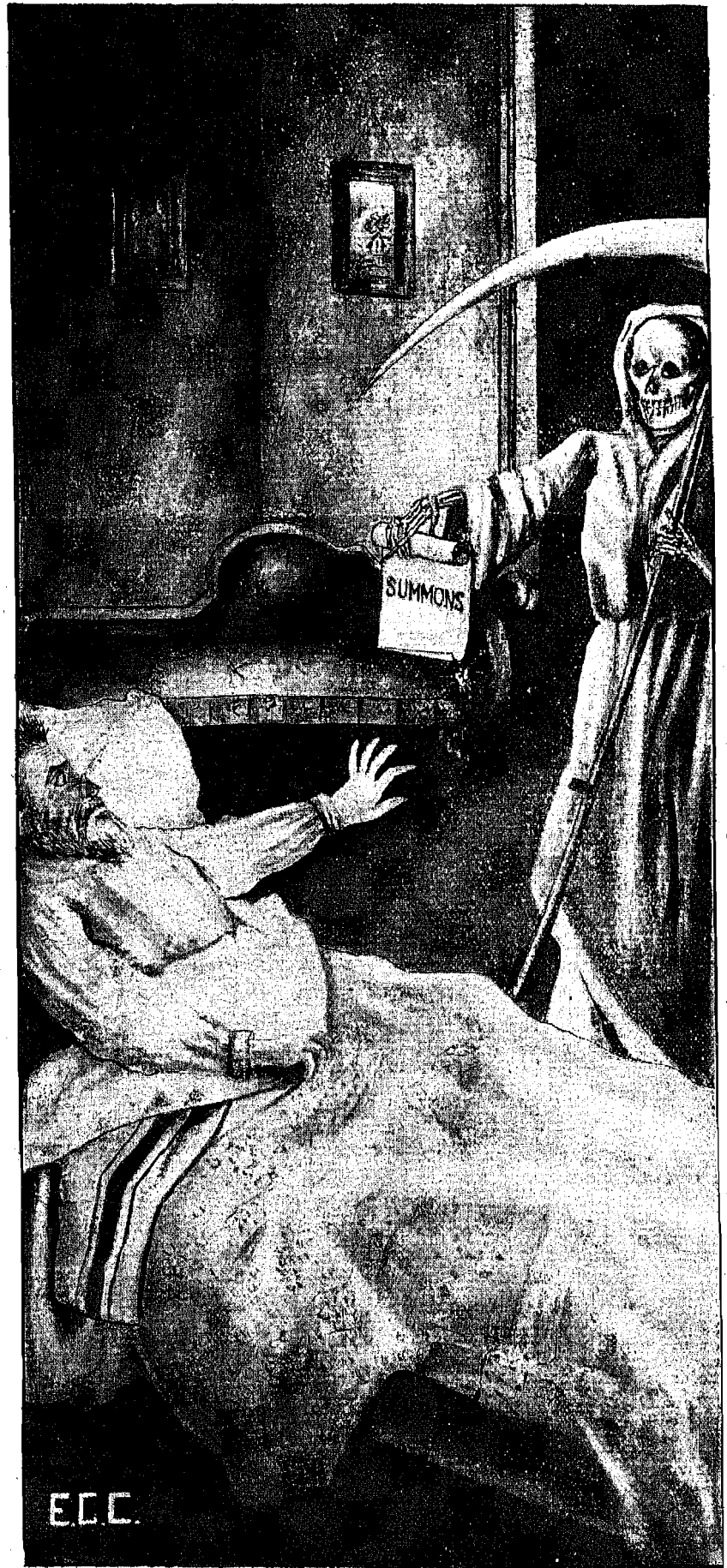
15th Year. No. 9.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



DEATH: FRIEND OR FIEND.

See Poem on
page 4.



The world uses 3,500,000 steel pens a day.

There are about 700 women in Dawson City.

The famine in some parts of Russia is very serious.

Blind men outnumber blind women by two to one.

The railways in India on March 31st, 1898, aggregated 25,454 miles.

The chances of life in England are 40 per cent. great than in India.

Manitoba's surplus wheat for export is now placed at 27,000,000 bushels.

The I. C. R. earns \$10,000 a year for freight on fish shipped from Canso, N. S.

There is a cafe in Venice which has never been closed, night or day, for 150 years.

Encyclopaedias have to be re-written every ten years; the old Bible is still up-to-date.

The tomb of Mohammed is covered with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, valued at £2,500,000.

Last year in Paris 14,840 horses, 257 donkeys and 49 mules were killed and consumed as food.

Either the last Thursday in January or the first in February will be the opening of Parliament.

Coal is cheaper in China than anywhere else in the world, but 8,000 miles is too deep to dig for it.

According to official statistics, the number of Roman Catholic priests in the Arch-diocese of Quebec is 424.

When the railroad across Siberia is completed it will be easy for a person to go from London to Japan in 13 days.

It is stated that there are 80,000 barmaids in England, whose hours average 14 daily for a wage of 10 shillings a week.

The outside walls of many of the houses in Mexico are from three to six feet thick, to withstand earthquake shocks.

Lunenburg, N. S., has seventy schooners in the fishing business. The summer's catch average 1,200 quintals per vessel.

At the present time there are 26 large steamships making their way across to Montreal from different parts of England.

Frozen milk is no longer a novelty in Europe. Milk is taken when fresh and frozen in bricks of different sizes, and sold by the size.

Twenty-nine sheep introduced into the Australian colonies in 1788 are now represented by 120,000,000 of the finest wool sheep in the world.

Mr. John Jackson, organizing secretary of the Mission to Lepers, estimates the number of lepers in India, China and Japan, at a million.

It has been found in Switzerland that in building a railway laborers could work only one-third as long at a height of 10,000 feet as a mile lower.

A missionary reports that the cocoon of the silkworm are eaten in some parts of China, fried in oil or lard and served with chicken gravy.

Although the consumption of whiskey is decreasing in Ireland a new distillery is being erected at Coleraine. This will bring the number in that country up to 29.

The preliminary survey of the route of the proposed Nicaraguan canal has been completed. Despatches state that the engineers will report favorably upon the enterprise.

In Havana the stranger's attention is arrested by the vendors of lottery tickets, who stand on the street corners with a pair of shears in one hand and sheets of lottery tickets in the other, ready to cut off and number for buyers.

One of the curiosities of the Bank of England is to be seen in the printing room. A man sits at a desk, and every three seconds a machine delivers to him two complete £5 notes. If he sits there six hours, he receives over \$350,000, and in 300 days over \$100,000,000.

[For Sinners Only.]

"EXCUSE ME."

"AND THEY ALL WITH ONE CONSENT BEGAN TO MAKE EXCUSES."

It is a very serious and solemn thought that God will not compel you to come to Him, but will excuse you if you persist in being excused. He does not wish it, for He says, "As I live I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked," but "let the wicked forsake his way and live." And again, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, Oh house of Israel?"

It is very easy to say, "I pray thee have me excused," but God's Spirit will not strive with you for ever, and, bye-and-bye, God may take you at your word and say, "Yes, I will excuse you."

Look at the Consequence.

In the world to come others, who have accepted the invitation to sit down at the "marriage supper of the Lamb," will be with Him in heaven, you will be crying in the company of the lost, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

Or you might say, "If I am one of the elect I will be saved somehow or other," and if not, "Well, it is no use troubling about it." But God says, "Whosoever will let him come and

When the end comes, and you know you will soon be in the presence of the Lord, the excuse about feeling will vanish. It is a temptation of the devil.

You might say, "I had a desire to be saved, but did not have the right kind of feeling to accept the offer of salvation." If you fix your affections on Christ and trust Him fully Satan cannot come near you, your unbelief will vanish and you will be enabled to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

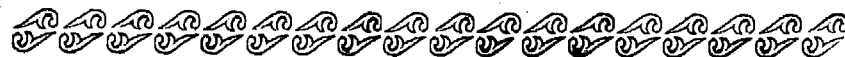
Feeling Does not Make a Christian.

Trusting, serving, following and seeking to obey Christ make a Christian.

Then again, you may say, "I do intend to be a Christian sometime, but not just yet. There is plenty of time when I am a little older and have seen a little more of the world. I intend to settle the question of salvation." God says, "NOW is the accepted time, NOW is the day of salvation." If you keep on putting it off again and again, all desire to be saved will leave you, and when you want to you may not be able.

Another excuse is, "There are sins on my conscience which I feel God cannot in justice forgive."

I can only say while there is a sincere repentance and seeking of God's forgiveness, such will be forthcoming. The unpardonable sin is one which cannot be repented of, for it precludes repentance by its nature. Therefore, drop your excuses and seek salvation now.—X. Y. Z.

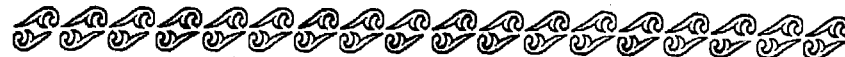


Song's Power.

"**L**ORD, I am weary!" cried my soul. "The sun
Is fierce upon my path, and sore the weight
Of smarting burdens; ere the goal be won
I sink, unless Thou help, dear Lord!" And straight
My fainting heart rose bravely up, made strong
To bear its cross; God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am conquered! Ceaseless, night and day,
A thousand cruel ills have hedged me round,
Till, like a stag the hounds have brought to bay,
My stricken heart lies bleeding on the ground!"
When lo! with new found life my soul made strong,
Spurned all its foes; God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am dying! Earth and sea and sky
Fade and grow dark; yet, after all, the end
Wrings from my breaking heart a feeble sigh
For this poor world, not overmuch its friend!"
But suddenly with immortal power made strong,
My soul, set free, sprung heavenward in a song!



take the water of life freely." If you are thirsty and a glass of water is placed before you, the fact of the water being within your reach will not quench your thirst, you must reach out your hand and take it for yourself. So it is with spiritual things. Christ has offered your a full and free pardon, and if you are ever to be saved, you must take and accept for yourself that which Christ died to obtain for you.

Then again, you might say, "I have tried to trust Christ for salvation, but I cannot." There is no such thing as trying to trust.

Either You Trust, or You Do Not.

When you say you try to trust Christ you do not put as much confidence in Him as you do in your earthly friends. If a friend definitely promised you anything you would not say, "I will try to trust you," but you would expect him to fulfill his promise. It is just the same with Salvation. Christ has definitely promised salvation to all those who seek it, and if you intend to be saved you must give over trying to trust, and simply trust Him to fulfill His promise, and accept what He has offered you, without money and without price.

Another excuse which many people make is "I have not the feeling that I am a Christian."

What kind of a feeling do you want? What kind of a feeling have you got? Have you a desire to be a servant of Christ? The question is, "Will you accept salvation? Will you believe?"

Cut Gems From Canon Farrer's Writings.

In what seems to be the most irretrievable disaster, a vision of the cross may show us that seeming failure is often the necessary step to the most eternal triumph.

The prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," is an awakening trumpet-call to action, pledging us, unless we make our prayer the prayer of hypocrites, to the furtherance of that Kingdom.

If we pray, "Thy Kingdom come," we are bound to fight for it, and to fight hard; to strike for it, and to strike home; to wrestle mightily, and at all costs, against the corruption of its truth and the adversaries of its holiness.

Our blessed Lord came to strengthen, to inspire, to stamp with Divine sanction . . . this hard fighting and this high testimony—of man for man.

Every good man who sincerely desires to be a soldier and servant of Christ, should be glad to devote every gift and faculty which he possesses to the service of his brethren for whom Christ died.

Our own inevitable trials and humiliations . . . can be better borne if we be cheerful and active in doing good. Labor for God is the best cure for sorrow, and the best occupation of life.



The General's Scottish Campaign was a scene of triumphs. It is estimated that eleven thousand attended the three public meetings in the St. Andrew.

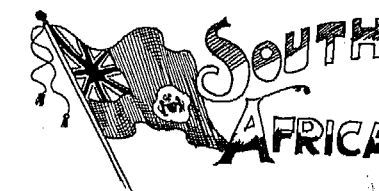
The Annual Meeting of the Women's Social work will be conducted by Mrs. Brainwell Booth at the Holburn Restaurant, on November 22nd.

Colonel Sturgess still lies dangerously sick of typhoid fever. From last reports he seemed to be a trifle better.

That up-to-date magazine, "The Local Officer," is being permanently enlarged by eight pages. Much of its additional space will be devoted to the special benefit of the Corps Cadets.

Commissioner Coombs' Campaign at his old battleground of Sheffield I., was a time of holy exploit. Eighty-five souls were the result of the week-end meetings.

Dean Farrer is to preside at Mrs. Booth's Social meeting in the Music Hall, Canterbury.



Commissioner Ridsdel's tour in Zululand is proving rich in success. At his first public meeting in Lewis Settlement thirteen Zulus knelt at the Cross.

Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdel conducted the Annual Rescue Meeting at the Paarl. The chair was taken by Mr. De Villiers.

The accommodation of the Inebraites' Wing at the Rondebosch Prison Gate Home is severely taxed just now.

Brigadier Wilmer contemplates opening Indive in connection with the native war.

The new Home on the Social Farm at Diefontein is ready for opening.

A Workman's Metropole is being prospected for in Kimberly.

Brigadier and Mrs. Howe are conducting special Campaigns on the Diamond Fields.

Brigadier Wilmer, Secretary for the Native Work in South Africa, writes that the prospects of receiving a Government grant towards some of our native schools is very hopeful.

"I do not like your methods." That is a dubious utterance when applied to holiness workers.

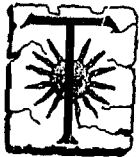


QUEEN WILHELMINA

In the National Dutch Gazette.



MARECHALE BOOTH-CLIBBORN.



THE General's Salvation Campaign in Holland, which ended on Sunday, October 30th, was the most extensive he has led in that country for many years.

He visited seven cities and conducted eighteen meetings, at which about 140 men and women sought and publicly professed to receive the definite blessings of salvation and holiness. The great majority were for the former blessing.

The journeys to the various cities were somewhat trying for the General, whose health, we regret to say, was not so good as it had been of late.

The Soldiers' Salvation Council, held in Amsterdam on Saturday night, accomplished some definite and far-reaching results.

Some idea of how the General spoke to his Dutch Soldiers may be got from the following remarks on the dangers attending temporal prosperity. "Show my people their sins and Jacob his transgressions."

"You have your troubles, so have the ungodly. Ungodly men are always having troubles. The devil said of Job, 'Does Job serve God for naught?' No! I've never, or seldom, known any Salvationist who served God faithfully who was not advanced so far as this world is concerned. But, mind, you, don't let your prosperity do you any harm. I have known very few people suffer from poverty—that is, in their souls—but I have known plenty suffer through prosperity."

"Have you prospered? Have you got better off? How has it affected your soul? It is a very wonderful thing that poverty, afflictions, and sorrows lead people to God, but when God makes His sun to shine, gives them friends and prosperity, they get fat, and kick against the God who has been so good to them."

THE SUNDAY IN AMSTERDAM.

The Sunday morning and afternoon meetings were a fitting sequel to the background of the soul-wounding and soul-rejoicing events of the night before.

The evening meeting is thus graphically portrayed:—

The General is saying, "I have been very pleased with the meetings so far; there can be no question but that God is with us."

This big theatre is full. It does not feel such a pack, because of the extreme coolness of the atmosphere and the arrangement of the chairs in the body.

The General confesses to feeling unable to give a long address, but he is talking with unabated force, though it must be at the cost of great effort.

How can we convey the depth of passionate fervour and tenderness thrown from the General's strong heart into his closing appeal?

Now he is on his knees holding up his face, with eyes closely shut, and, oh! such holy anxiety as he follows and emphasises Colonel Lawley's prayer.

The prayer meeting is now in full swing.

It is estimated that there is still one thousand people in the theatre.

A woman in a cotton skirt with a colored apron has made her way all the distance from the top gallery, bringing her two children—a girl and a little boy. She appears at the door just under the stage, and walks straight to the Mercy Seat, where she kneels down.

Major Van Rossum is rejoicing over a young man, who was a Roman Catholic, but through the Army meetings had been led to believe the truth, and now yields himself fully to God.

Colonel Lawley is appealing for the twenty-seventh, and, as we sing, "Give to Jesus glory," our faith is rewarded, and a woman in a white apron comes.

The General in Holland

GLORIOUS SALVATION SCENES—SEVEN CENTRES VISITED.

GRONINGEN.

Next day (Monday) the General took the rail to the North of Holland, and addressed a large and influential meeting in the important city of Groningen. Groningen is the third University city of the country, and a very important commercial town. It has an increasing population, estimated at 70,000. It is a handsome city, with fine buildings and a cleanly, well-kept appearance. It is called stiff, and proud, and self-satisfied.

A local paper said in its report: "The General's address was illustrated by stories taken from life."

"The address can only be appreciated when one hears and especially sees the speaker, when one sees the fire which inspires the young graysaard (one with grey hairs) for his life's work; hears and sees how, when speaking with ever-increasing energy he tries to reach through to the very souls of his hearers, and sees the original and characteristic movements of hands and body which accompany his words."

"He does not ask the good opinion of others, nor because of the Salvationists' doctrine or their goodness; but where the Salvation Army claims to destroy the traps of the devil he asks that the public shall approach it and give it its sympathy and support. The General is of good courage that this will take place; already have sixteen Governments brought out grants to the Army on their Budgets, and, in his opinion, sooner or later, other Governments will follow in this direction."

"In an original and humorous way, the General then continued to show what was the spiritual and social work of the Salvation Army; as regards the Social Work, he gave some startling figures."

NYMEGEN.

On the Tuesday, the General received a tribute of curious examination from the crowd who awaited his arrival at the railway station. The Army has only been working in Nymegen for about two and a half years, and this is the first visit.

An afternoon meeting in De Harmonic, was well attended by a very respectable, fashionable and extremely religious, but also curious, gathering, with, perhaps, a majority of ladies.

The General's address, both in the afternoon and evening must have swept away a great deal of prejudice and ignorance concerning the Army, its teaching, and its object.

HILVERSUM.

The Concert Hall of Hilversum, visited on the Wednesday, is a very pretty hall.

We feel a certain happy triumph at being here. There has been a struggle with the devil about our occupation of this building to-day.

At the last moment the authorities took fright, perhaps because they thought the roughs would damage the seats and fixtures. (The roughs are very active in this recently-opened place, and have a way of breaking windows and throwing mud, which is far from being in harmony with the high-class ideas of their religion.)

So a trumped-up story about a leakage of the gas-pipes was made the excuse for withdrawing permission for the Army to have the Concert Hall. But Colonel Lawley came, and saw, and conquered. No gas leakage could be found—none of the excuses would hold water. We are here.

Hilversum is a large and lovely village of twenty thousand inhabitants. It is the county seat of Amsterdam and Utrecht gentlemen.

The congregation this afternoon is composed largely of ladies—many of them young ladies. There are some gentlemen and a few tradespeople. Some seemed at first inclined to treat the meeting as an amusement, and sat smiling and whispering a little while the General was praying.

But now they are feeling at home, they begin to understand the Army. They like the General; he is in a happy, easy vein. He is talking persuasively and half-humorously, but he is hitting, too.

The evening meeting was, to use a classical English phrase, "packed out," and successful to the extent of being

instructive and educational. This object-lesson in salvation fighting will not be forgotten.

LEIDEN.

We are now (Thursday) in the University City of Leiden, which is described by an inhabitant thus:—"De meest geleerd city in dits city." This on being asked how Leiden compared with Groningen.

This reminds us—one Dutch lady at Nymegen mustered her best English to say enthusiastically that the General was "a respectable old man;" meaning that he was worthy of the greatest respect!

The hall is very similar in size and appearance to that at Groningen, with the addition of a gallery.

The afternoon meeting is felt to be of real value as a preparatory to the evening.

The evening gathering fills the hall and thickly sprinkles the gallery.

There is a strong and distinct flavor of the University present.

The rest of the audience is of a mixed character—the tradespeople, the gentry and the religious; the rather young, and the steadier and older, are all represented.

The General's story of a young man's sin and fall is holding their attention and interest.

Presently the General intimates that his talk is drawing to a close, and he wants to ask a question. "I have told you of my life," he says, and takes a sweeping glance back at his boyish ambitions, and shows what would have been his lot had God not met and changed his heart.

The Marechale prayed.

At the end of this prayer the benediction is pronounced, and the crowd leave in an orderly way. The General is very tired.

Later, we hear that the order and attention has been wonderful—better than some people have seen in this place on any sort of similar occasion.

THE HAGUE.

This historic city is the next on our list.

The Hague corps is second only to Amsterdam for numbers and strength, therefore, one looks, too, for a number of Salvationists.

Neither of these two expectations are disappointed. The fashionable and the wealthy are here (the Casino, where the meetings are held) and the local corps is not absent.

The General is talking in his most homely, conversational and telling way, and has, as ever, the present salvation and sanctification of the people at heart. His direct personal invitations are followed up by Col. Lawley. Soon the first soul comes, and is shortly followed by others. In a few minutes the number is swelled to six—a beautiful promise for the evening!

And now it is the evening. We have a full house.

The roughs are here—bless them!—and so are the gentry and the middle-class folks.

The Marechale is now singing the Hollander version of "I stood outside the door, a poor wayfaring child." Her clearly-pronounced words fall on a breathless silence of attention, and the chorus is taken up well.

The General's thrilling talk is over, but his words are still echoing in our hearts. God has, indeed, helped and used him to-night.

The prayer meeting is now in progress. We are singing, but nobody seems disposed to leave.

An artist in the hall is coolly taking a sketch of the General while he is pleading again for the first soul.

One soul comes. The crowds sees, and nearly everybody stands up to look at this spectacle!

But more follow, until nine souls had found pardon.

ROTTERDAM.

After dinner, came the journey to Rotterdam. Strains of Army music greeted our ears before the train was at rest, and when the General stepped on to the platform he was greeted by a deafening storm of applause.



COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

And now we are in the thick of the Saturday night soldiers' meeting. There is a most pleasing show of uniform.

The sword of the Lord and the General is doing execution once more, and at about the same rate as last Saturday night they began to come.

Thirteen knelt at the penitent form at the close of the meeting.

Sunday Morning.

The front entrance of the large Doelen Hall is round at the other side, and a broad, shining canal runs along in front of it, beyond the footway.

Commissioner Clibborn has called for a volley of welcome to the General, and the response has told us that a good proportion of this morning's crowd are our own people. There are also missionary students and strangers. The big hall is quite three-quarters full.

The General needs no introduction here. He has long ago won his place in the hearts of the Rotterdam people. His talk is listened to with closest attention. He describes the meeting himself as a "put-you-right" meeting.

The prayer meeting begins, and the people are staying well, too; but, oh! why don't they move? But they do, for ten souls knelt at the Mercy Seat.

Afternoon.

This is a wonderful crowd! There are about eight hundred people, although it is a well-known fact that it is nearly an impossibility to draw a crowd in Holland on a Sunday afternoon.

The General has given valuable and interesting information about the S. A., and has also given something to help, and bless, and awaken the souls of his hearers.

Night.

Outside in the wide street, just the other side of the shining water, two theatres are drawing in their giddy throngs. Nearly next door to the Doelen is a beer-house, outside which lounged several half-drunken loafers as we passed. But the Doelen is full.

The drunks are here, and some, at any rate, who would have been at the theatres. God is going to have a chance to-night to speak to Rotterdam, for more than eleven hundred people are seated in the hall; the screens have been removed from the stage, which is filled with soldiers, and, altogether, prospects are grand for a magnificent finish to the General's Campaign in Holland.

Apart from the Salvationists, it is not a religious audience. The majority sit with wide-open eyes while the General is praying.

Well, they are sitting now with wide-open ears, too, and listening, first to the Marechale's heart-stirring solo, and then to the General's Bible talk.

It is startling when one comes to enquire closely into the real soul state of some of the outwardly correct and religious people in this "religious country."

They hope they will get to heaven some day; but for any real, personal knowledge of God—of Jesus Christ as a Redeemer and Friend—they are dumb—they know it not! It would be presumption.

Therefore, we cannot estimate the value of the General's talk by the visible results. It is a revelation to many, it is an education to all.

Truly, never have we been privileged to hear a more stirring, riveting, convicting current of power and salvation poured upon any crowd, than has come from God through our General's lips to-night.

It is ten o'clock. Sixteen penitents are here within the next ten minutes. The fight is raging with real fervour. "This is second to nothing!" declares Colonel Lawley.

RECONNOITRING IN JAVA.

BY MAJOR CUMMING.



VER since landing in Java I have been most anxious to get a proper look at the country, but travelling here is such an expensive luxury that for a long time it seemed to be out of the question for us to do much in the line of spying out the land, for I need scarcely say that money is a very scarce commodity with the Salvation Army in this part of the world. But the inspiration I had wanted came at last. Overhauling my faithful travelling companion, the "Scarlet Runner," one day the thought came to me, "Why not tackle those long-distance journeys you are wanting to make, on the bike, other methods being out of the question?" Turning the question over in my mind it grew upon me to such an extent that I was compelled to consult Staff-Captain Brouwer on the feasibility of such an attempt. True, it was a new departure, but then are we not always making new departures in the Salvation Army? Equally true was it that, in a tropical country such as this, with such lofty mountains to climb and descend, a bicycle journey of any extent is a very difficult matter; but, then again, difficulties have always had a charm for me, else I had never entered the Salvation Army and come to Java. And all other objections were silenced by the fact that we must get about to do anything, and as we were unable to raise the money for train and boarding expenses (neither the riches of Klondike nor Mount Morgan having, so far, fallen to our share), it was a case of

Hobson's Choice

—we must either cover the distance on our cycles, or walk. And so we decided on the former.

It was on a never-to-be-forgotten Tuesday morning that Staff-Captain Brouwer and the writer, with a few shillings in their pockets, left Semarang on their memorable expedition. Although the hour fixed for a start was an early one, we found the sun very hot, and the bags with the change of clothing, etc., that we were forced to carry with us did not certainly tend to improve matters. The ascent of the many hills encountered as we sped on our journey proved a laborious and difficult task, and ere long I saw the perspiration coming through the Staff-Captain's coat, until he really looked as if he had just emerged from a pond. Worst of all, the clouds hanging so heavily overhead pointed to a coming storm, and we had to make all speed possible to gain the shelter of a country market-place, for when it rains here the water pours down in sheets. We had a desperate run for it, but managed to outride the storm, which delayed us for a couple of hours.

En route to Ambarawa the rain again descended, and we were glad to take refuge in a Chinese eating-house, and to treat ourselves to some

"Bammy"

—a cheap dish made up of shrimps, fat pork, macaroni, and some kind of slug gravy. I don't think my Australian comrades would choose it if they had the alternative of a nice dinner at the Coffee Palace, or even in preference to a feed at the Working Men's Metropole. Still to us, the Lord's apostles in a heathen land, it was a rare treat.

The weather was so threatening that we would have gladly have remained where we were, but our plans would have been so thoroughly disorganized that we were compelled to push on, in order that we might reach a place called Semang-goeng before dusk, if at all possible. But we had, unfortunately, attempted the impossible. The roads were bad, the rain had seemingly set in for the night, we ourselves were wet to the skin, and our bikes refused to grip the track on account of the mud. In this plight darkness overtook us while we were yet some distance from Semang-goeng. We managed to reach a Javanese fruit stall, and, buying a few bananas and explaining our difficulty, were made welcome right away, the old couple placing before us the best of everything they had.

We Slept on the Floor,

but, notwithstanding the hardness of our beds, our fatigue was so great that we slumbered through the night.

At first betimes next morning, we made an early start, finding the scenery on all sides something lovely. We were surrounded by mountains—volcanic and otherwise—while, as we sped along the road, we saw the natives hard at

ploughing in the rice swamps and seated on their buffaloes, others standing up to their waists in mud and planting the young rice. Then there were the sago and tobacco fields, on which some thousands of Javanese were at work, making a most interesting sight.

Semang-goeng was reached in due course. We, however, did but little business there, the town being hardly up to my taste. Still we propose calling back there some day for another

rice and coffee—which is not at all the thing to help you in establishing bicycle records, as it seems little more strengthening than water, and, with a long pull before you, you soon feel punctured all over.

On the way to Poerworedjo we pass

The Great Boer Buddha Temple,

to miss seeing which is to miss the gem of Java. And so we visited what is to so many thousands a most sacred spot. I found that several Europeans had been there before us on their bikes, and as I was in the humor for establishing records, I carried my bike up to the first parapet and rode around the top of the great temple, a feat never before attempted.

In many places we passed through, however, the natives had never seen a

(To our Frontispiece.)

DEATH: FRIEND OR FIEND.

DEATH, did you say?

Death;—keep it away!

Life is young and the world is gay,

Let me taste some more of its joys and sweets,

Ere that dim, dark, far-away day me greets.

When life's burden and my hair is gray,

Not till then speak of death, I pray.

Now, I will speak!

Now you must seek,

And learn,

Life's lesson, so stern,

If the true life you would know;

For the coming harvest the seed you must sow,

Now you must choose

Whether you'll win or loose

When dark, dim death for thee calls:—

For the tree shall lie as it falls.

Hush!—tread softly—upon the couch lying

A suffering saint of God is dying.

The world will miss her—her smiles so cheering,

Her words of council, her manners endearing

To friends and strangers her gentle spirit—

To her the world has no charms, no merit.

With parting day her strength is declining;

Approaching departure but brings no repining.

Beholding through the falling night

A glorious, heavenly burst of light.

She looks, and sees an angel bright:

"If this is Death, then welcome, Death,"

She cries with gasping, dying breath,

And smiling still, her spirit takes its flight.

Upon his bed with groans,

He turns and twists and moans.

So young is he, yet doomed to die.

Last night he passed so merrily

With wine, and song, and company,

The hours of the night away,

Returning with the dawning day.

But quarrel followed mirth and foam;

The pistol flashed—they carried home

A mortally wounded, cursing man.

"No hope," the doctor says, "No hope."

These words string like a tightening rope

Around his heart, his brain, his breath.

"I will not die, away with Death!"

There, there he stands, the horrid foe,

With mocking grin that bodes me woe;

He points his bare, bleached, boney finger

At me. Away!—why do you linger?

I'm not prepared to go. I am not weaned

Yet from this world's enjoyments. Go, thou fiend!

O God, Thou fearful Judge, call him away;

Hold back Thy wrath, this dreadful summons stay.

Go—monster—go—I will—not—die!—No—no—"

A rattle—all is passed; he's gone—TO ENDLESS WOE.

E.

look at the people, when something may be done.

Getting a wheel again we set off for Sapoeran—the place where the Army had its first headquarters in Java, and where Staff-Capt. Brouwer spent some very dark days. On the way we passed through Parahan, where, after getting something to eat, we re-commenced our struggling with the hilly country.

Sapoeran is a purely Javanese settlement, there being but two Europeans in the place, and these are looked up to as sort of lords of the manor. Neither the town nor the people struck me as at all enterprising. We inspected the Army property, slept on a

bike, and it was amusing to see their scared looks, had to hear their cries of "The devil, the devil!" as they pointed at our machines, designated by some "red running devils." In other places they would shake their heads and run off, calling out, "Satan, Satan, Satan." I concluded that they meant me, until Staff-Captain Brouwer assured me it was only the bike they were so honoring.

We had several bad falls on our journey, and in other ways our machines were teased as I had never known bikes to be teased before, but they came through all right.

We reached Poerworedjo after an

the home of an old Javanese missionary, we were made very welcome and treated to the very best that the house afforded. The good old man is a sort of "Father in Israel" to our people, and we found the time spent with him pleasant and profitable, both to our souls and bodies.

Next morning we inspected a building right in the heart of the Chinese quarter, and finding it suitable, secured the hall, and shall shortly be opening a corps there.

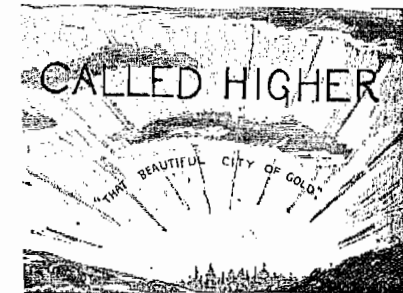
Travelling on to Magslang, we found the intervening distance a real teaser. We had

Fifty-four Miles

of road to cover—and such a road it was too! The Landsborough hills and the Walhalla mountain are not in it beside such a road. The climbing in the heat of the sun was really terrible. Pushing the bike up hill was bad enough, but it was still more aggravating to have to lead our bikes down again. However, we pulled through all right, and, reaching the mission station, spent the night with the missionary and his "boys"—some fifty in number. We did the town thoroughly next day, but were unable to get a hall. Anyhow we propose returning, for the place will make a splendid opening.

On our homeward journey we had accomplished half the distance when the rain began again, and this time we caught it in real earnest, and finding ourselves belated at night, wet to the skin, and still a long way from home, we decided as a last resource to call upon the wadona, or Chief of the district, who received us kindly and treated us as gentlemen. We got a change of raiment for the night, slept on his sofas, and made our way home next morning, having journeyed 300 miles on our bicycles, and covered the greater part of that distance on foot.

And so ends the story of our first ramble in Java. Everywhere we found the people kind and good to us, and the fields white unto harvest. Oh, for more laborers to hasten the coming of God's Kingdom in Java!



Mr. Neil McQuarrie, New Glasgow.

We often report the promotion of some soldier comrade who has been called from earth to heaven. In this case a true friend has been taken from us, leaving a glorious testimony of the conquering grace of God, which not only keeps us in life, but triumphs in death. Being personally acquainted with Bro. McQuarrie, I feel it an honor and a privilege to write a few lines as to his life and testimony.

Ever since the Army opened in New Glasgow Mr. McQuarrie's home has been open to minister to the needs of officers and soldiers, and many throughout the Dominion will remember with pleasure the depth of warmth and courtesy shown them in his home.

I learned from personal conversation with our departed friend that he was decidedly a God-fearing man, a staunch temperance worker, and indeed his whole heart went out in sympathy with every good work. Among the many sterling qualities he possessed, I found he refrained from professing what he did not possess, but I am confident he walked in the light God gave him. He was a man of conviction and true to the principles he held in his heart. His word was ample security. His life was one of constant trust in God. His home was a home of prayer. The United Church (Presbyterian) has lost a good member. His means were ever at God's disposal, and as a mark of his esteem for the work of the Army, he gave a substantial donation towards the new barracks just a short time before his death. Having many friends in the Army, some as officers, others as soldiers, his home was a real salvation home. Our trusted and worthy Capt. McKenzie, of Rescue fame, is his sister-in-law. I sincerely trust we all may love God, and prove, as our departed brother has, that Christ is indeed faithful. Our deepest sympathy is with the wife and family.—Adj. J. McMillivray.

"I ne'er took up the Cross,
But Christ, my Saviour, bore
The heavier end and all the weight



After eleven years close connection with the Army literature at New York Headquarters, Brigadier Cox has fared well to take up the position of Assistant Social Secretary.

The new Editor-in-Chief is Lieut.-Colonel Brewer, late in charge of the Central Chief Division. Mrs. Brewer becomes the Editor of Harbor Lights, and in addition takes the oversight of New York Slum Work.

Brigadier Scott, whose name is a familiar one to Canadian warfare, has received an appointment to New York. With the exception of Greater New York, he takes the Division vacated by Lieut.-Colonel Brewer.

The Consul has conducted a great Rescue Campaign in Philadelphia. One thousand dollars was raised towards the new Rescue Home, recently opened there.

A Cincinnati daily paper recently devoted a long article to the account of our Slum nursery, successfully carried on in the locality known as "Rat Row."

The forty-second Shelter of the United States work was recently opened by Commander Booth-Tucker at Syracuse.

A small Women's Shelter is being opened in Chicago.

The new Indianapolis Men's Shelter has now reached completion.

The Salvation Army hall is the only English-speaking place of worship on the Philippine Islands. A good salvation work has been done among the troops. The natives are very interested and Major Milsaps is progressing rapidly with the language, so that he will soon be able to hold meetings for them also.

Major Milsaps reports in a recent dispatch, 22 souls have been to the penitent form for salvation in the meetings conducted by him in Manila.

The Consul's Rescue Campaign in Philadelphia has been a decided success, and resulted in awakening much sympathy, as well as raising \$1,000 in cash towards the furnishing and maintenance of the newly-opened Rescue Home.

South America.

2,262 persons have to-night the benefit of the S. A. Night Shelter at Buenos Ayres.

The Army has begun work at Santa Fe, a large city of the Argentine Republic. A corps has been regularly opened there.

THE ARCH OF MERCY.

BY SOPH.

Penitent:—I am wretched and miserable. The world has no more charm for me. I have had my fill of its pleasures, tasted its cup, followed its fascinations until I am weary of it—for it is all a gigantic delusion. Its bubbles burst when grasped, and only biting adders are left. I have walked along this precipice and can only see hell as my doom, but how can I get across the wide gulf?

Satan:—You are a precious fool, meaning and whining like a spoiled child, who, because he has eaten too much of the rich cake, swears all eating is poison, that he will never eat cake again. Don't be silly. Cheer up. Take it quietly for a while and your normal appetite will return.

Penitent:—No, I will not listen to your false advice any longer. You have promised much, but given little. I see a light across yonder. Let me go. There may be hope yet for me. Oh, yes, I see an angel on the other side, perhaps he can give me advice.

Satan:—Back, back, you are going a dangerous road. There will be no turning back possible and certain defeat is ahead of you.

Penitent:—Let me go. I see the angel beckon me. Oh, can there be hope for me!

Angel:—Follow your path, now you stand on the firm stone, REPENTANCE, which is the nearest point to Canaan's shore; here the gulf is the narrowest. See opposite you is the protruding point of LOVE. Now you must choose from the building stones that lie on your side the one which is called FAITH, and place it firmly on Re-

pentance. As soon as you do that I will bring MERCY, one of the heavenly stones, which will help to bridge the gulf.

Penitent:—Here is Faith placed on Repentance, and thank God, for now I see Mercy on the other side meeting me. But where is the key stone to close up the arch?

Angel:—Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; who gave His life a sacrifice that Mercy might reach all those who believe in Him.

Satan:—Don't believe it, don't believe it! Come back, you fool, you will drop into the abyss before you know it. Be wise and take the advice of an old friend.

Angel:—Stand firm on Faith, my friend, and Sacrifice will be efficacious for you. Behold even now the arch is complete.

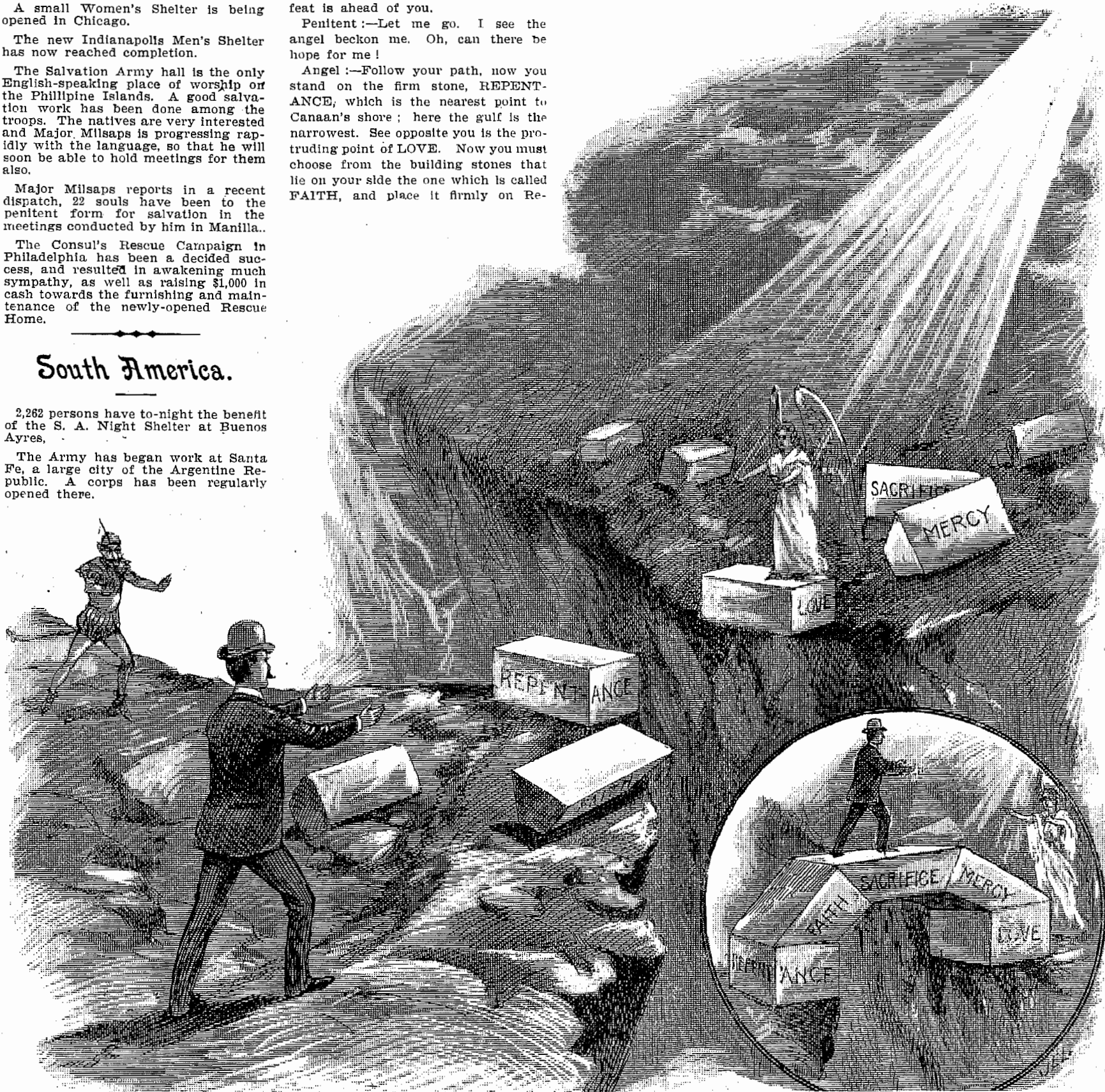
Penitent (walking across):—Glory to God, I am in Canaan! Good-bye old devil, I mean to live in this beautiful country and do not calculate to return

to your poor pasture. I have proved you to be a liar again. (Sings)—

Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan,
I'm living in the land of Canaan!
Oh, Canaan is a very happy place,
I'm living in the land of Canaan!

Scarr's Scorings.

Although tossed about till rather a late date, I feel it a duty I owe to report that from the first day Capt. Matthews, with your humble servant, landed in this place we were made to feel the ever increasing thought, love, and loyalty of the soldiers for each other, their officers, God, and the Salvation Army. No matter what they were asked to do to help on the work of God, they were ready to say, "Yes, I'll try." During the year a number of souls were converted to God, but being a mining country, and the people ever on the move, our number of soldiers never grows very large. Oct. 23rd, after spending a most blessed day together, the precious soldiers, with a large portion of the congregation and friends accompanied us to the train, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Johnson. As the train rolled in and the last good-bye was said, the whole corps struck up with the song, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee." This was not only a real blessing to us but the means of rousing many of the weary passengers, and I believe many hearts were touched and a lasting impression made for good. Cheer up, comrades, you know a good article when you see it, in the person of Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Bond.—Yours to save, S. Scarr.



Weekly Watchword:

Perseverance Pays.

SUNDAY.—PERSISTENT PRAYER BRINGS PENTECOST.

Acts i. 14; ii. 1-4.

The prayer that preceded Pentecost was not only earnest, but continual. The expectant disciples held on until the fulfillment of the promise. Persistence is the potent power of prevailing prayer. Had the disciples desisted in their pleading the Holy Ghost would never have fallen upon them. Many people get no answers to their prayers because they did not wait long enough on their knees.

MONDAY.—PERSISTENCE CLIMBS OVER PERSONAL DIFFICULTIES.

Luke xix. 2-9.

Had Zaccheus not possessed more perseverance than most men twice his size he would never have seen Jesus. But his longing to look upon the Saviour found him a wayside stand, and helped him to climb up into it. Perhaps, like Zaccheus, you have endless difficulties in the way of coming to Jesus. There are so many people in front of you better fitted to see and attract His notice. But remember He has always a seeing eye for persistency.

TUESDAY.—PERSISTENCY PUSHES PEOPLE TO CHRIST.

Mark ii. 1-12.

Only the genius of persevering love would have found a doorway through the roof. The sick man might have laid till death outside had not some one refuse to take no for an answer, and when one way was barred, opened another. Perseverance is absolutely essential to people who want to bring souls to Christ to-day. Help them through their difficulties, clear the way for them, grudge neither time nor trouble till you lay them at the feet of Jesus.

WEDNESDAY.—LACK OF PERSEVERANCE CONDEMNED BY CHRIST.

Luke ix. 57-62.

There are but few records of any stern words used by Christ. This is one of them. But people who professed great willingness to follow and then went back and hesitated, earned His severe rebuke—and so they do still. It is this promising and then failing to follow—this taking the hand from the plough of a life work—which has unfitted so many a man from service or soul satisfaction. Swear to your own hurt and persistently and conscientiously carry your consecration out.

THURSDAY.—BEWARE OF PERSEVERANCE.

Mark xiii. 9-13.

Christ bids His disciples of every age to look ahead and prepare for the difficulties that will surely come. Only courage and endurance can help you to face fearlessly the temptations and trials of life—only perseverance in grace can land the soul at last inside the gates of gold.

FRIDAY.—EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON PERSEVERANCE.

Col. i. 23.

All dabbings in doubt are dangerous. The saving faith that gave you assurance of salvation must be maintained by hourly and increasing trust. The crown of unfading life is only given to those who have kept the faith. Be a better believer with every day's close.

SATURDAY.—PERSEVERANCE PREVAILS.

Luke xviii. 2-8.

All obstacles fall a prey to persistence. Importunity triumphs even against the will of the one thus persuaded. Persistent onslaught will break down any enemy of God and man. A steady and sustained endeavor will do more than an excited effort which fluctuates.

PERSISTENCIES.

All things must yield to energy and endurance.

None cease to rise but those who cease to climb.

You cannot keep a determined man from success.

Going on is the way to get there.

Great men have become great by

THREE FAITHFUL SERGEANTS OF GRAND FORKS, N.D.



Sergt.-Major Engdalen

Sergt. Halverston.

Sergt. Bliss

ONE OF FIVE.

The Life-Sketch of James Stewart of Sarnia.

By MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS.

A jolly, happy crowd they are, these five men in the photo. They ought to be, for God has done much for them, especially for Bro. Stewart, who told me his life's story in the following words.

"I thank God for what He has done for me. He has saved my soul from death, has given me power to live for Him, has delivered me from the slavery of strong drink, and has brought peace and joy to my soul.

"I was born of Christian parents, who set me a good example, but I was wild and wayward, and wandered far from God and the principles taught me. God has answered at last my mother's prayers, though she has been in glory for twenty years. Oh, I can realize His great mercy to me now that He has opened my eyes.

"Three years ago God took from me my wife, she who had been my loving faithful companion for over seventeen years. Instead of submitting to God's

will I rebelled against it, and took to the drink worse than ever, going at a furious pace to hell. I became a blasphemer as well as a drunkard, and almost an atheist. The warnings of conscience were stifled, and the pleadings of friends were unheeded.

The Devil was Delighted,

for I was not only spending my time and money in his service, but also helping others to do the same. I lost all self-respect, neglected my family and business, and cared for nothing but to satisfy the awful craving within me for drink. I tried to reform, of course, but only went from bad to worse. I became a physical wreck, and would soon have filled a drunkard's grave, but in this, the hour of my extremity, God came to my help, and opened my eyes to the doom that awaited me. I cried to Him for mercy, and He heard me and helped me. I thank him I've no desire for the drink or any other sin since that night."

Our Brother Stewart got saved in the Army barracks Sarnia, during Capt. Mathers' command. His two sons, also his daughter have since given their hearts to God. I heard their testimony a few weeks since, also was given to understand that our brother's employer is highly pleased with the change in him.



FIVE OF OUR SARNIA COMRADES.

employed in the same factory, The Sarnia Hub, Spoke and Bending works:—

Bro. H. Agnew, Saw and Planer, has been a soldier for two years. He was saved from a life of drink and sin.

Bro. Jas. Stewart, Spoke-maker, previous to conversion was a terrible drunkard, but for the last four months his life has been a living testimony to the saving and keeping power of God.

Bro. G. Bonert, Bender, twelve years a soldier. Both parents were drunkards.

Bro. H. Nickol, Saw and Planer. A wonderful change has been wrought in this brother. He has been a soldier for eighteen months.

Bro. E. M. Agnew, Hub and Shafts, served the devil well for many years, but now a servant of God. A soldier of five years' standing.

Some Persistent Men.

Bunyan wrote the world-read marvel of his Pilgrim's Progress in jail on the untwisted papers used to cork the bottles of milk brought with his meals.

Gifford was the poor apprentice of a common cabbler, but on small scraps of leather he inscribed the problems of his first mathematical

Titian, as a boy, had no tools with which to execute the aspirations of his artistic soul, so he crushed the color from the petals of flowers and made his first famous painting on his father's white-washed walls.

Only a paper kite—men mocked to see how that grown man toiled and troubled to get it to his liking—yet that kite sent up by Franklin first

Helps for J. S. Workers.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

John ii. 1-11.

Jesus began to work miracles in an obscure corner of the country, and thus showed that he would not seek praises of men, but would honor those who were humble and lowly.

The site of Cana of Galilee is unknown, but it was here that Jesus was invited with His disciples to the marriage feast. The festivities frequently lasted from seven to fourteen days. Christ began His public ministry with a miracle of transformation. His whole mission was to convert the sinner and make him into a saint, to turn darkness into light, and by His own death to bring life to the whole human race. The first miracle of Moses was a turning of water into blood (Ex. vii. 20), which is a great contrast to the miracle here wrought by Jesus. The law which came to Moses was a ministration of death, but Jesus brought life. The miracle of turning water into wine was the "beginning of signs."

John the Baptist, who was the forerunner of Christ, came "neither eating or drinking." He preached repentance, and thundered out against the sins of the people, and urged them to repent and be converted. Jesus comes and by His mixing with these people at the wedding feast, shows that Christianity was not to be shut away, but brought into everyday life.

They Have no Wine.—How great an impression was made upon the minds of the five disciples it is impossible to say. Doubtless they were a bit puzzled to understand why Jesus should have accepted the invitation to the marriage and then to have so honored and sanctified it by turning the water into wine. "They have no wine," (verse 3). The mother of Jesus was there. She turned to Him, evidently having discovered to that He was able to supply all that was needed if He chose to exercise the power that was in Him. His reply signifies that as soon as the opportune moment came He would supply their present need. Christ relieves the present and provides for the future. He brings joy and gladness to those who trust in Him now, and continues by His grace to supply every need all the way along.

Verse 5.—Whatsoever He Saith Unto You, Do It.—No mistake can ever be made in carrying out what Jesus wants us to do. We can learn here that if we are to have the blessing and favor of God, we must not doubt or question what He says, but do it at once, and in the way He shall direct. This is the only way to ensure blessing.

The Six Waterpots.—The quantity of water was great, and the reference made to the purifying of the Jews, or their customary washing (see Mark vii. 2-3, and Luke xi. 38), was symbolical of the change from the Law to the Gospel. Filling them to the brim shows the fullness of Gospel grace, and the plenteousness of the supply for all. They were not long before the pots were filled up. How careful they were to carry out the instructions the mother of Jesus gave them.

The Miracle.—To all appearances there was nothing but water in the waterpots. Listen to what Jesus says, "Draw out now!" The method of this wonderful miracle is beyond our conception. When the Governor of the feast tasted the water that was turned into wine he was surprised, and called the bridegroom to him (verse 10 gives what he said). What a difference between God's gifts and the gifts of the world. There is no mistake about it but that the best is kept to the last, as far as God's people are concerned. The salvation of God makes the heart and life glad, and gives assurance of an eternal blessedness, which is the best gift God can bestow upon His faithful servants who have "drawn out" of the wells of salvation and who have drunk of the riches of His grace. It is first the Cross then the Crown.

His Glory Manifested.—The miracles of Moses and the Prophets revealed the glory of Jehovah, but the miracles of Jesus manifested Himself, and proved His Divinity. His disciples were confirmed in their faith in Him. He had called them and they followed Him; now they see His power and are strengthened by it. A miracle is a sign of sovereign power, and can only be wrought by God.

MEMORY TEXT.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

Some men said that he was a fool—some men said he was mad—the government condemned him and called him traitor, yet he held on. It was not until after his death in obscurity that men found out that Christopher Colum-

HOW TO BE ALWAYS HAPPY.

By ONE WHO IS.

"Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto the Lord; neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."—Neh. viii. 10.

NEHEMIAH calls on the people to rejoice, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." They had just been delivered from the Babylonish captivity, and we are told "all the people went their way to eat and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that had been declared unto them."

A great many Christians have just enough religion to make them miserable. If there are such here, I would say to them, I want you to go further, you are simply miserable because you do not understand the words that have been declared unto you; you do not understand that

Joy is a Duty,

that this joy is for you, that this joy is your privilege. You are to rejoice always. You know there is a God; you could not believe in nature, or experience or revelation without owning that. You know there is a Saviour: nature, experience and revelation tell you that there must be. But when you think of the Saviour you are rather afraid of Him. As long as you are afraid to get close to your Saviour, you will simply have enough religion to make you miserable.

We need joy in this life because there is so much sin and suffering. The world has a right to expect that Christians should manifest a continual joy. If we say that in Jesus we have the power to receive purity and peace, we ought to manifest this by constant gladness. That man is very well off who has Christ, even though he have only a crust of bread. A visitor to the poor found an old woman in destitute circumstances but full of joy, and said to her, "Oh, Nanny, how can you be so happy when you are so poor?" The woman's reply was, "I have

Jesus and a Crust

of bread, and what more can I want?" Oh, that God might teach us all how to abound and how to suffer need, and thus to rejoice always.

If your joy depends on anything outside you, any circumstance in life may destroy it, but if it be a kingdom within you, if it be "the joy of the Lord," abiding in you, then it is a peace which the world cannot take away. There is NOTHING BETTER FOR THE NERVES than to rejoice always. I have known nervous men, as well as nervous women, and I can say that there is nothing better for a man's nerves than the joy of the Lord. The doctors will do a very bad trade if we all would start rejoicing in the Lord. Wise old Solomon says, "A merry heart does good like medicine." That is the sort of medicine I should like you all to take a dose of.

But for this medicine you must go to the Good Physician. The man who will teach us the most about joy is the Man of Sorrows.

Notice how Christ taught his disciples this. On four occasions he told people to be of good cheer—or as we should say, "Cheer up! be happy!" In these four occasions you have a perfect epitome of all the difficulties of life.

We read that they brought to Jesus a man sick of the palsy, and he was borne of four. They let him down through the roof, and laid him at Jesus' feet and "Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, 'Son, be of GOOD CHEER, thy sins be forgiven thee.'" That is the first elements of this joy. I would that I could declare that in each heart this stone has been well and truly laid as the foundation stone—the assurance that your sins are forgiven. The certainty that all your sins are forgiven, that is the foundation of all true joy.

The Joy of Forgiveness

then, in the first place, will be your strength. It is impossible for a man to have joy so long as his conscience is nagging him; so long as the voice within is saying, "You know you are all wrong," there can be no peace, and true joy is impossible without peace.

What is the second element of this joy? To answer this question we must consider the second occasion on which Jesus taught these words. "Be of good cheer,"

cheer." Jesus had been praying on the lonely mountain top, and he had constrained his disciples to get into a boat and row across the lake. When they were in the middle of the sea a sudden storm swept down, and the ship was tossed with the waves. In the fourth watch of the night, when they were weary with rowing, they saw a strange form approaching them, like someone walking on the water, and they cried out in affright, "It is a spirit." Immediately the clear voice of Jesus rang out, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

Often in the Christian life sudden storms of temptation, doubt, and difficulty, sweep down from the mountains. If you want then to know the joy of the Lord, you must hear the voice of Jesus, "I am King of the earth, I will deliver thee."

Then Peter asked the Lord if he could come to Him, walking on the water, and Jesus said, "Come." Peter immediately leaped out of the boat on to the water. For a little while he walked well, but when he saw the wind and that the sea was boisterous, he began to sink. Looking at circumstances, he became weak immediately. Whenever you look at circumstances you will sink, but when you look at Jesus, you are all right.

I want to tell you how to be happy in the midst of storms, trials, and difficult circumstances. You must walk on the word of Jesus, and on the word of Jesus only. Jesus said, "Come," and as long as Peter's eyes were fixed on

Peter walked on the word of Jesus and did not look at circumstances, the waves could not overwhelm him. Is it a blessed thing to walk on the naked word of God, to trust in spite of circumstances. The world wants to see men who profess to believe in the Lord Jesus, willing to walk on the bare words of the Master.

No doubt Peter made himself very unpopular amongst the rest of the disciples by this act of faith. Do not expect to please men—not even professing Christian men—by audacious faith. I dare say the other disciples said, "Here, Peter, what do you mean by this? Why can't you stay quietly in the boat like the rest of us? What do you want to go jumping on the water in that erratic way for. It's great presumption on your part, Peter; you may call it faith, but we call it presumption."

Peter paid no attention to anything they might say. The Lord Jesus had called him and he was prepared to follow at all costs.

Now, so long as this spirit was in Peter he was all right. As long as he looked at Jesus he was safe, but when he took his eyes off the Saviour he trembled and began to sink. That is the secret of victory in the hour of temptation—walk on the naked word of Christ, look so at Him, that you shall have no eyes for the storm.

Look to Jesus only. Oh, when will you know that as the secret of strength? Look away from yourself, poor back-



ENSIGN GEORGE KENWAY.

"For the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." 1 Cor. i. 18.

How many people there are who call the preaching of the Cross foolishness. They cannot understand, neither can they see the reason why our Army continues night after night parading the streets, singing their songs, and standing in the open air praying and giving testimonies. Perhaps it is because they haven't sufficient brains to reason the why or wherefore of our doing so, or else it may be because they have on the wrong pair of glasses, and can't see what good we are doing by continuing our work. But nevertheless, we go on accomplishing good by the simple preaching of the Cross. Many could not understand why Noah built the ark, and preached to them telling them to pack up and get ready to enter its shelter before the flood. Instead of giving heed, no doubt they stood in groups and talked about his foolishness, but Noah had obeyed the Lord, and through it saved his soul, with as many as believed. The sceptics and those who could not understand perished. So many are perishing to-day, who, if they only listened to the simple stories of the Cross, and let the truths contained in them sink into their hearts, it would be the means of bringing a complete change of heart and life. On the other hand, to us who are saved it is the power of God unto salvation. How many there are in our ranks, who, when they got converted knew very little, but they were able to fall in line with our simple methods, and have been able to give testimony to God's saving power on the street corner, and upon the platform. Their heart is filled with gratitude to God for his mercy in plucking them as brands from the burning, changing the whole tide of their nature and for setting their souls on fire with good desires, whereas before they were set on fire of hell.

Worldly Foolishness.

This is the work that is being accomplished by simple teaching of the Cross, what sceptics call foolishness, but we don't mind what men call it, as long as through it men and women's hellish chains are broken and they are freed. "Well, then," some say, "we don't mind so much about your meetings in the barracks, but why do you come out in the street beating your drums and tambourines, and kicking up a noise with your songs?" Why? Go and ask that lifeboat crew that is now battling with the waves, why they try to reach the place, where the ship has just sunk. They would answer, "Fools! can't you see we want to save these men." Would someone then say, "Go to the pierhead, and wait until they come alongside of the pier and then pull them out." They would say, "Get out of it, you are talking foolishness, half of them would never get to the pierhead, but we get them by going to them." Yet how many there are who fail to see through our simplicity of teaching and call it foolishness. A man once said to me, "Why do you let these people talk as soon as they get up from the penitent form; why not let them wait until they get older?"

"Surely," I answered, "they are able to tell if their sins are pardoned."

How many a hardened sinner has been converted of their sins, while someone has risen from the penitent form, and said, with tears streaming down their face and their countenance lit up with a new light, "I came to Jesus with my load of sin and shame, but His Blood has washed it all away. Glory to His name!" and sat down. Those and similar words have been the power of God unto salvation to them that believed. May those who read these few lines, that have in the past looked at the teaching of the Cross as foolishness, take the other view and ponder them in their hearts. They will then become the power of God unto Salvation to them.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our various Rescue Homes. The Field Commissioner will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following addresses:—

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 916 Yonge St. [Ave. LONDON St. Ont.],—Staff Captain Cowan, Riverview St. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Jost 65 Elliot Row. MONTREAL.—Adjutant Holman, 243 St. Antoine St. HALIFAX, N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis St. OTTAWA.—Adjutant McDonald, 706 Wellington St. ST. JOHN, Nfld.—Ensign Towell, 26 Cook St. HAMILTON.—Adjutant Jordan, 119 Wentworth St. SPOKANE, Wash.—Adj. Langtry, 782 Fourth Ave. HELENA, Mont.—Adj. Walton, 532 Breckinridge St. WINNIPEG Man.—Mrs Major Jewer, 486 Yonge St.

—OR TO—

"And even as Jesus spoke the traitor himself appeared. Overdoing his part—acting in the too-hurried impetuosity of a crime so hideous that he dared not pause to think—he pressed forward into the enclosure, and was in front of all the rest. "Comrade," said Jesus to him as he hurried forward, "the crime for which thou art come—" The sentence seems to have been cut short by the deep agitation of his spirit, nor did Judas, return any answer, intent only on giving to his confederates his shameful preconcerted signal. "He whom I kiss," he had said to them, "the same is He. Seize Him at once and lead Him away safely." And so advancing to Jesus with his usual cold

Jesus, Peter went straight forward. For the word of Jesus is stronger than the law of gravitation, mightier than the law that rules the worlds. The laws of nature are after all but

The Thoughts of Jesus;

they are but His gracious will. Only the word of Jesus can raise you above the laws that govern the world. According to the law of gravitation Peter ought to have sunk, but the law of Christ, expressed in the word, "Come,"

title of address, he exclaims, "Rabbi, Rabbi, hall!" and profaned the sacred cheek of his Master with a kiss of over-acted salutation. "Judas," said Jesus to him, with stern and sad reproach, "Dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" These words were enough, for they simply revealed the man to himself, by stating his hideous act in all its simplicity; and the method of his treachery was so unparalleled in its heinousness, so needless and spontaneously wicked, that more words would have been superfluous. With feelings that the very devils might have pitied, the wretch slunk back to the door of the enclosure, towards which the rest of the crowd were now beginning to press."

slider, lest the waves overwhelm you altogether; look to Him who is "able to keep you from stumbling." Then you will be calm in the storm, and you will know what it is to "rejoice always."

But you say, "It's all very well to say, 'rejoice always,' but it's not so easy to do it." That is true; it is impossible to do it until you have learned the secret in the school of Jesus. Let me tell you of one who had learnt it.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Martin, of Freeport, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Kenmir, of Portage la Prairie, to be Captain at Morden.

Cadet Churchill, of Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Tilbury Centre.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



"Flies."

The Field Commissioner's excellent article, "Charity," in our last issue has, I am assured, been widely read, and it is conceded that it is as masterly a production as any of Miss Booth's contributions to the War Cry. There is general satisfaction expressed at the increased literary activity of our capable leader, and with pleasure we announce another article under the caption, "Flies," for the next edition. It will be complete in itself, although it is a treatment of one of Charity's attributes; it is terse, pointed and timely.

The Christmas War Cry will contain a unique article from the Field Commissioner, entitled, "Now and Then."

What Do You Read?

Speaking of "Charity," and other articles which constitute most wholesome food for the mind, brings up the question: What is good reading? We would answer: All that feeds the mind with good thoughts and suggestions, and lead it on to meditation about the things of Righteousness, Faith and Charity. The mind is the gateway to your heart, and through it either our best emotions and affections are awakened to activity, or the devil's tares sink their subtle roots into the innermost life of our soul, taping the very vitals of our spiritual existence. Avoid impure and filthy reading, especially such as is clothed in subtle language and is printed on fine paper. What you read has a great deal to do with the purity of your mind. One can truly alter the well-known adage to read: Tell me what you read, and I will tell you what you are.

From the Philippines.

(Special.)

One of our soldiers who is with the Montana Infantry, U. S. V., writes us from Cavite (Oct. 3rd):—

"Major Millsaps opened fire on Manila on August 18th. Four Blood-and-Fire lads are there with him to give the devil red-hot shot. Many are holding up their hands in our meetings to be prayed for, while two have made a start to serve God in the Salvation Army.

The Major, who is a pioneer of the Pacific Coast and the Sandwich Islands comes over to Cavite and gives us a lift occasionally. Brother Hines tends to the hospital and is doing grand work; he is from Dillon, Mont., Bro. Berry hails from Kalispell, and Bro. Underwood, from Anaconda. We distribute War Crys and tracts, and in this way seeking to do the Lord's will. At night we hold meetings, and show the boys the way to God and righteousness. Yours for God and the Army.

Albert S. Lloyd,
For the four Salvationists on the Philippine Island.

The Field Commissioner

Conducts Memorable Meetings at the Temple.

MUD.



EAPS and holes of it, and of the dirtiest and blackest. In fact such is the state of the Temple's immediate vicinity that the unwary who challenges the rough road runs the double risk of stumbling or sticking fast. The building operations now in progress so near our premises have converted during the recent bad weather Albert St. sidewalk into a perilous pass and successfully preclude us from any mere complimentary calls.

MIZZLE.

That was the only word to call it. All day there was not a decided down-pour. Leaden skies seemed to grudge us a ray of a re-

robes they wear up in glory," with expressive raising and falling of diminutive arms and bending of baby heads won widespread pleasure. Willie's solo left a lasting impression upon all people who were still "carrying their burden."

THE COMMISSIONER'S POWERFUL UTTERANCES.

"He showed me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin." Tennyson's words might aptly describe the feelings of many a sinner under the truthful tenderness of the Commissioner's revealing accents.

Men realized their woeful necessity for redemption by viewing the debts of their transgression. The courageous condemnation of sin wrought havoc in

LOOK OUT FOR Monster Junior Demonstration

CONDUCTED BY

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

AT

THE TEMPLE.

Full Announcement Later.

ness of the women of the Army was a guarantee of its success. He could not imagine a Salvation Army of men only doing the work the Army does. Woman was the first to recognize suffering and the last to desert it. This was one of the bright features of our common humanity.

Speaking from information given him by the Brigadier, he said the Army had 69 Rescue Homes, and there had been 25,000 inmates since the work began. Three years after it was figured that but 30 per cent. of the inmates had relapsed from the right path. In St. John the Rescue Home was established seven years ago, and 150 children had passed through it. He could quite understand how impossible it was to do the Rescue work and also, in the same place, do the work for which this new institution is intended. He spoke of the large rooms in the building, its cleanliness in every part, the good, pleasant locality in which it was situated, and closed by wishing the Army every success.

Rev. Mr. Baker, of the Seamen's Mission, was called on and expressed his gratification and pleasure at the taking up of the work by the Army. They were really following in the footsteps of the Saviour. He saw the difficulty in many of the societies was that they go up the ladder of respect-ability so far as to be unable to reach a hand to the lowly fallen. The Army, in this work, had his full sympathy and he wished it God speed.

Dr. T. D. Walker was called on and made a brief address, in which he said he, Dr. Ellis, and others would volunteer all possible assistance professionally. Dr. W. L. Ellis also made a few remarks, and then Adj. Jost spoke a few practical words. She said she had been hoping, praying, and waiting for the establishment of the home, and now that it was accomplished, it seemed almost too good to be true. She was grateful for the help given in starting it and mentioned the names of several donors. . . . She said an officer and a trained nurse would arrive the first of next week to become established at this home. Three cases, she said, were to come to the home next week. She also said it was intended to make the institution self-supporting, if possible.

Rev. W. O. Raymond then spoke briefly. He said he had been interested in rescue work before the Army took it up. It was a grand work, yet he felt it was a necessity to be supplemented by the Maternity Hospital. He was delighted to know several reputable physicians looked upon it as a good institution. As a physician took a terribly injured man and applied all skill and knowledge to make him better and again of use in the world, so this institution with the unfortunate woman. She could not again be as before, but it was grand and glorious to make something of her. His sympathy and encouragement were with the work.

Votes of thanks were tendered the chairman, Drs. Walker and Ellis, for their offer, the speakers and the press, and then the meeting was closed with the blessing by Rev. Mr. Baker. All present were given an opportunity to inspect the building, and there were general expressions of pleasure and satisfaction.

NEXT WEEK'S EDITION WILL
CONTAIN

"FLIES,"

By the Field Commissioner,

Being a continuation of "Charity," which appeared in the S.-D. Cry.

PICTON PICKINGS.

(By Wire.)

Mrs. Brigadier Read, the pioneer of Pictou corps, piloted the Fourteenth Anniversary Meetings with booming success. Souls saved. Crowds and collections good. Full report to follow.

S. A. M. HOSPITAL

HOSPITAL

OPENED AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

Brigadier Pugmire sends us a very descriptive cutting from the St. John "Telegraph," which we reprint, nearly in full, herewith:

The wooden building on the southeast corner of King St. East and Crown St., is now opened as a Maternity Hospital, under control of the Salvation Army. The building has been rented by the Army and has been furnished through the assistance of friends. In the basement are kitchen, dining room and cellar; on the next floor two parlors, and above are five bed rooms and bath room. The furnishings are simple and there is a most pleasing air of cleanliness, neatness and order throughout. Only the necessary furnishings have yet been placed and there is much yet needed from friends to make comfort complete. The institution is in connection with the Army's Rescue work, and is under the charge of Adj. Jost, who has so capably managed the Rescue work since the Army opened its Rescue Home some years ago.

The opening of the institution last evening brought together a number of

The assembly, ex-Mayor Robertson presided. Brigadier Pugmire read letters from Rev. Geo. Steel, Rev. G. O. Gates, and Rev. Dr. Bruce, expressing regret that they were unable to be present.

"Rescue the perishing," was sung, there was prayer by Adj. Jost, a solo was sung by Ensign Pugh, and then Brigadier Pugmire welcomed all present and introduced Mr. Robertson, who addressed the gathering. He said it gave him pleasure to do anything he could to assist the Army, when he had the honor of filling the civic chair, for he observed that the work the Army was doing in the city was a good work. This new institution had a small beginning, but some of the greatest achievements the world had ever known started in the smallest way. He remembered at one of General Booth's visits here, the General painted a graphic scene, taking as an object, "Rescue the perishing." He told of a ship driving ashore in a terrific storm, and asked what spectators would do in such a case. Would they take a cabinet organ to the shore and sing "Rescue the perishing," or would they launch a lifeboat? The answer was easy to find. And what he admired in the Salvation Army was that it always launched the lifeboat.

This Maternity Hospital was another lifeboat. He spoke of the need of such an institution and said

Reflections.....

By

THE GENERAL.



Ruts.

WE often hear the complaint—indeed, I frequently make it myself—that officers and soldiers get into Ruts in their efforts to save sinners—that is, they unconsciously drift into the same methods of doing things. They conduct their meetings after the same fashion, make the same appeals, sing the same songs, pray the same prayers, and generally follow out the same plans. Now, no doubt there is a great deal of truth in this, and as far as possible, it should be avoided. Monotony—that is, the same thing over and over again—grows stale and disagreeable in many respects. Novelty captivates the crowd, whether in the hall or in the street. They run after new things and new ways, just because they are new. So, let us study how we can put old wine into new bottles, dress up the old truths in new clothes, and so catch the eye and ear of the giddy, thoughtless multitude with the truth that alone can make them free.

Doing the Same Things.

Now, what I have just written is true and ungainsayable. Still, I don't think we suffer so much from the habit of doing the same things as from the same things to the same people. There is a sense in which you must very largely do the same things, and that over and over again. It is substantially the same truth you have to preach about God, and Christ, and sin, and Judgement, and Heaven, and Hell. And when the Spirit is behind the latter it will give life. It is the same songs you have to sing—"Cleansing for me," and "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," and "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." And when backed up by the Holy Ghost they can never lose their interest. The Blood and Fire never wear out. The charm of Heaven-inspired testimony and holy Hallelujahs will last as long as Eternity. I find the simple tidings of the salvation of God, when delivered in their completeness, as fresh, as sweet, as interesting, and as inspiring to my own heart as they were fifty-four years ago, and I think I find them as heart-moving on the crowds to whom I talk. Thank God for a religion that is ever new!

New People.

But what we do want is new people, fresh faces, hearts that have not got hardened by the repetition of the announcements of coming wrath, or the offers of mercy, for, alas! the same rain and the same sunshine that softens the earth, if they can only gain an entrance, only harden it by simply falling on the same surface, so the methods God has ordained for the breaking of hearts only harden them if refused admission. That is a terrible statement, but, oh! how true, and oh! how common, for does not the wise man say, "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy?"

Familiarity.

"Undue familiarity breeds contempt," and a continued acquaintance with the most solemn questions in the Universe, unless they bring men and women to God, create indifference, nay, hatred and scorn. I remember reading of a British Admiral who used to tell how that the first time he saw a man wounded he fainted at the sight of the blood, but when grown familiar with war, could look upon hundreds of poor fellows bleeding and dying around him without either fear or concern. He got used to it. So sinners get accustomed to hearing about salvation and damnation. The truth produces no effect. Now, are not the sinners in our hall: made up very largely of this class. Comrades, let us go out to the multitudes around us who know us not. The same truth and the same plans that are rejected every Sunday inside, and every week-day outside, by a given set, will smash up the hearts of strangers. So, on, ye lovers of souls, and find them out! Bring them with you to the barracks. Compel them to come in and be saved! New people, new people, new people are what we want, and the breaking of their hearts, and the cries for mercy that will follow, will smash up the "hardened old regulars," who have sat unmoved at your feet for years gone by.

The Naval and Military League.

I am afraid the readers of the War Cry will find little in the dark as to the

character and operations of the Naval and Military League. I want them to know more of it in order to gain more of their sympathy and prayers for our Soldiers and Sailors. While it is a little strange, it is not a little gratifying to me to find that the Lord has laid the salvation interest of the Soldiers and Sailors upon the hearts of three of my grandchildren. As far as they have opportunity, they hunt out members of the League, post them War Crys, and write them letters, and in other ways show them kindness. The other day a Drummer of the Grenadier Guards came to see them, and thank them for the interest they had taken in his wife, and here is a letter from a Naval man that has touched my heart. It appears that he was saved in the Army some years ago, that he then got his mother converted, and has since been the means of leading a number of his sea-going comrades to the Cross. I give an extract or two from the epistle, written to the children. It tells its own tale:—

"To Miss Catharine Booth, Miss Mary Booth, Miss Miriam Booth:

"My Dear Young Comrades,—In reply to your very cheering letter, which I received on arrival at this port, I beg of you not to feel that I have been in any way inconvenienced by the insufficiency of postage on the War Cry. If it had been twice as much, I would gladly have paid it. As it was it was only a penny, and I have had to pay fourpence for an English Cry before now! It was very cheering to get the War Cry, to find out how the corps are getting along, also the Holiness Articles, and Books that Bless; in fact, I cannot tell anything that is not good, but some things seem better than others I suppose, according to the present experience of the reader. But, praise God, there is always in the War Cry something to supply the needs of all sorts of experiences.

"It has done my heart good to watch the onward march of Plymouth II. in the salvation of souls, and oftentimes I pray and goan in spirit that they may be kept from falling back into sin again.

"I have, I must confess, felt a bit discouraged in not having a suitable place to hold meetings in this ship. A place has been allotted me in the after part of the vessel, where I cannot play an instrument or sing at all, and where the men do not care to come, so I have not been able to do much in that direction; but, praise the dear Lord, I have done a lot in the way of lifting up my voice in testimony and personal dealing.

"Hallelujah! I am saved and happy and going on with one desire, born of conviction that I must and will, by God's grace, warn men to flee from the wrath to come, and my heart takes courage and goes on its way with fresh song, and I am happy in the Lord.

"My highest experiences have been when I have felt alone and cast out from humanity, when the fire of trial has nearly burnt out, and the song of victory has commenced. Bless God, it is all right!

"All the officers and men seem to be very kind to me, but I would like to be able to hold meetings. I hope in a little time to send you a donation towards the Crys if you receive this all right. May God bless and use you more in blessing men like me, is the prayer of your comrade in Jesus and the Salvation Army."

The Salvationist and War.

Amidst all the furious clatter and controversy about war with which the world is resounding just now, the Salvationist must keep his head cool, and, while avoiding the extreme position of affirming that war is wrong under all circumstances, he must be careful not to be led astray by the clamour of the ignorant and prejudiced multitude. In order to do this—

1. Let him remember that all war—whether personal, national, or of any other kind, for the gratification of covetous, vain, ambitious, or revengeful purposes is of the devil, and must not be encouraged in thought, word or deed.

2. Let him remember that, even when the interests of our fellow-men do appear to require the unsheathing of the sword, war will be nothing short of stupendous folly unless every possible resource of reason and arbitration have been exhausted in the efforts to secure a peaceful settlement.

3. Let him remember that after the expenditure of an untold amount of blood and treasure, in a great number of the wars of the past, the nations concerned have admitted that they were in a large measure a mistake.

never ought to have been permitted, and might have been avoided by a little more forbearance and patient explanation.

4. Let him remember that even in wars where some substantial good has been gained for humanity, which could not have been obtained, so far as he can see, by any other method, that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the game has not been worth the candle, the price paid having been far beyond the value of the benefit obtained. Very few of the wars, revolutions, or other social convulsions that have shaken the world, have worked any permanent good, or brought any benefit to mankind which would not have come in the ordinary course of things.

5. Let the Salvationist beware of the abuse of the word Patriotism, and remember that he is set not merely for the advancement of one century but for the creation and maintenance of the spirit of true and lasting brotherhood among all the nations of the earth.

6. Let him remember that in all misunderstandings and conflicts, God is his refuge and strength, and let him keep on praying for His guidance, and trust in His care.

7. Let the Salvationist beware of any feeling in himself, or in those around him, whether it concerns war or anything else, that does not harmonize with the condition on which he can alone justify his claim to be a follower of Jesus Christ, or afford him the true ground for expecting Eternal Life, that is, "Loving his neighbor as himself."

Our Position in India.

Our beloved General writes in Reflections, in a recent English War Cry with regard to our missionary work in India:

"Writing to us the other day, and enclosing a welcome donation to our exchequer, which is just now almost exhausted, an old friend of the Army expressed surprise that so large a sum as nearly £10,000 is now required for India. He thought that, as the cost of maintaining the officers in the Field was so small, this sum appeared very large.

But the question is, "How much is being done?" I take pleasure in our ability to carry on work economically, not because it enables us to spend so little money, but because it enables us to do so much work! Here are a few figures which have just come to hand with regard to our present position in India, which will, I am sure, be gratifying to those who have helped us in this great land:—

"FIELD WORK.—There are now 815 Officers fully occupied in Corps Work. They are in charge of 1,109 Stations and Outposts. About 200 Cadets of both sexes are in the Training Homes being prepared to become Field Officers in the future.

"SOCIAL WORK.—There are 4 Rescue Homes; 2 Prison Gate Homes; 3 Orphan Homes, containing 306 orphans; 1 Land Colony, on which 170 persons are resident; 1 Dispensary, having about 800 in and out patients per month.

"EDUCATION.—We have now 160 Village Day Schools, and 8 Industrial Schools, besides a School for the Native Officers.

"VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.—The Naval and Military Work has 8 Branches, 13 Officers, and is working among 27 Regiments. The Financial Officers visited last year nearly 3,000 Ships and travelled in various parts of India collecting funds and holding meetings. 5 War Crys are regularly published in the following languages:—Urdu, Gujarati, Singhalese, Hindi, Marathi. In addition to the 815 Field Officers named above, about 230 are engaged in other sections of Indian Work, including the Staff responsible for the management of the whole, which is now divided into four separate Territories."

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Listowel, Nov. 26-7; Palmerston, Nov. 28; Drayton, Nov. 29, 30; Guelph, Dec. 1, 2; Galt, Dec. 3, 4; Berlin, Dec. 5, 6.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Bozeman, Nov. 25-6-7; Livingston, Nov. 28-9; Columbus, Nov. 30; Billings, Dec. 1, 2; Sheridan, Dec. 3, 4, 5; Big Timber, Dec. 6; Manhattan, Dec. 8.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.—Moose Jaw, Nov. 25, 26, 27; Calgary, Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 1; Edmonton, Dec. 2, 3, 4, 5; Calgary, Dec. 6, 7.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Huntsville, Nov. 26-7; Burk's Falls, Nov. 28; Ahmic Harbor, Nov. 29; Ahmic Lake, Nov. 30; Dunchurch, Dec. 1; McKellar, Dec. 2; Parry Sound, Dec. 3, 4; North Bay, Dec. 5; Stobie, Dec. 6.



Appointments

OF THE

Field Commissioner.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sunday and Monday, November 27 and 28.

TRURO, N. S., Tuesday, November 29.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Thursday, December 1.

TORONTO PAVILION, Sunday, December 18.

BERMUDA CAMPAIGN.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs

Will visit the following Corps:

St. Georges, Sat. and Sun., December 3 and 4.

Hamilton, Mon., Fri., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 5, 9, 11 and 12.

Warwick, Tues., Dec. 13.

Southampton, Wed., Dec. 14.

Somerset, Thur. and Fri., Dec. 15 and 16.

Hamilton, Sun., Dec. 18.

St. Georges, Mon., Dec. 19.

Hamilton, Wed., Dec. 21.

The Territorial Secretary,

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

will visit the following places:

VICTORIA, Wed. and Thur., Nov. 23, 24.

SPOKANE, Sun., Mon. and Tues., Nov. 27, 28, 29.

NELSON, Wed., Nov. 30.

MISSOULA, Fri., Dec. 2.

BUTTE, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3, 4, 5.

HELENA, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 6, 7.

LIVINGSTON, Thurs., Dec. 8.

BILLINGS, Fri., Dec. 9.

JAMESTOWN, Sun. and Mon., Dec. 11, 12.

GRAND FORKS, Tues., Dec. 13.

FARGO, Wed., Dec. 14.

MRS. BRIGADIER READ,

Women's Social Secretary,

will visit

Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 10, 11, 12.

St. Albans, Wed., Dec. 14.

Burlington, Thurs., Dec. 15.

Barre, Fri., Dec. 16.

Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues., Dec. 17, 18, 19, 20. (Opening of new Women's Shelter.)

Great Junior Demonstration

conducted by

BRIGADIER COMPLIN,

assisted by

ADJT. and MRS. STANYON, ADJT. MANTON, ENSIGN GRIFFITHS, and LIEUT. EASTON.

At the following places:

Riverside, Wednesday, Nov. 23.

Temple, Thursday, Nov. 24.

Richmond St., Tuesday, Nov. 29.

Lippincott, St., Thursday, Dec. 1.

Yorkville, Wednesday, Dec. 7.

Lisgar St., Thursday, Dec. 8.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Major McMillan's Tour.

Lethbridge, Nov. 25, 26 and 27.

Moose Jaw, Nov. 29 and 30.

Regina, Dec. 1 and 2.

Prince Albert, Dec. 4.

Moosomin, Dec. 6.

Viridian, Dec. 7.

Bliss and Blister.

An accepted prayer is not always an answered one.

To go about doing good is the way to go about being good.

The joys extracted by a cork-screw are always passing ones.

Many a failure is a Calvary road to a Resurrection success.

The man who fears to condemn men may be condemned of God.

Don't insist on plucking the fruit of blessing before it is ripe.

Some people eat green apples and then sigh about life's crosses.

Christ can do nothing for you till you can do nothing for yourself.

When a young man starts out to "see life," he may see death instead.

A man has never really overcome temptation until it ceases to be temptation.

If you lose your religion because of the example of some weak brother, you stamp yourself weaker than he.



Brother Hothead writing a letter of apology to Brother Meek.

It was bliss to write that slashing letter to Bro. Meek, but it was blister to apologize afterwards for it.

Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end and thou shalt never do amiss.

The beginnings of all temptations to wickedness is the fickleness of our own mind, and the want of trust in God.

It is a happy man who makes it his daily care to be such while he liveth as he desires to be found when he comes to die.

An inconsistent and irresolute man is like a ship without a pilot, driven to and fro at the mercy of every gust of wind.

Metals are tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of affliction.

The man who desires to maintain peace and good understanding with others in order to do it, in many cases has to deny and subdue himself.

Virtue can never be attained without great pains and diligence, and if you cool and linger in this pursuit, the moment that you gain not ground, you lose it.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:-

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:-

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeaton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

That same day he called on four or five other men whom he thought would be most likely to give him work to do, but he failed to obtain what he desired. Two or three said they were glad that he had resolved to change his life, but regretted not having a vacancy for him just then, while others told him frankly, they had no work to give to a man of his stamp. Discouraged and trembling—he had walked for many hours that afternoon—he sat down on the stoop or a hotel near his home. Was it to be like this everywhere he went? If the ghost of his past life was to meet him every time he sought a way into usefulness and respectability again, and was going to push him back into difficulties and disgrace, it would be no good to try and do better.

While he sat, a dejected looking object, on that verandah, some of the frequenters of the bar-room had watched the poor fellow. A new arrival who had just set up treat for the rest was telling them the news of the Man in the Moon having been hunting work that day. The men indulged in some laughter about the Blue Ribbon business men who wouldn't give a poor fellow a chance to mend his past, when he was willing to do it. A couple of the men went out to Rudolf, one of them slapping him on the back, said, "Don't loose heart, old man, come in and have a stiffener. You look as if you need it bad enough!" Rudolf weakly remonstrated, but these jovial fellows in their profusion of spurious sympathy, would not take No for an answer, and, taking hold of his arms, almost dragged him into the bar-room. Once inside it took little persuasion to make him take a glass of brandy. After all he needn't be a fanatic about these things, as long as he didn't go and make a hog of himself again. He knew a glass would cheer him up and make him feel better. He was not going to take more than just ONE glass.

Alas! how subtle temptation comes to a man in his weakest spot! The strongest man is he who knows well the weakest places of his character, and has learned with his weakness to lean upon the strong arm of God.

No sooner had he again tasted the first glass than his whole troubles seemed to vanish like smoke. A delicious sense of comfort thrilled his whole being, and he felt himself a man amongst men again. The second and third glass followed and so on, until madly drunk he was pushed out of the door of the hotel, into the frozen night. Just at that moment he manager of the factory passed the door of the hotel, and recognizing Rudolf in an intoxicated condition, he said with a sneer, "I thought you was a changed man, but you are drunk enough now!" This proved too much for Rudolf. The conversation of that afternoon rose up in his mind and an intense hatred for the men took possession of him. Up went his fist and he hit the manager squarely in the eye. The latter kicked Rudolf into the ditch and sent for a policeman, and so Rudolf's first day out ended up by a complete overthrow of all his good resolves and a free lodging in the jail, while his heart-broken wife, with swollen eyes sat up all night, waiting for her husband, and a cruel presentiment of what had shattered the rosy visions of the few bright, past days gripped her very heart strings.

"How long, O Lord?" her spirit cried out.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"—Prov. xv. 23.

"Say Cap., the Man in the Moon kicked up shines last night and got run in. He's a gonner, you needn't waste any more time and eloquence on the likes of him!"

Such was the wet blanket which one of Eliphaz's descendants put around the Captain as he stepped, whistling and in good spirits, out of the quarters to go on his customary round of visitation.

"You don't mean it," replied the Captain, while a dark fear of the possible consequence dawned before him

and compressed his lips. The other man with evident delight and a self-satisfied sneer—which seemed to say between every sentence, "I knew it would come to this,"—recounted all the details of the story which gossip had constructed into a murderous assault.

Poor Captain! He rushed off to the jail at once, but the warden would not permit him to see Rudolf until he had been before the magistrate, so disappointed and heartsick he directed his steps towards the humble cottage which for a few weeks had been a very paradise to Rudolf's wife and family.

Minnie met him with swollen eyes and deeply furrowed brow, at the door. She was fearfully disheartened. All these years during which Rudolf had been a burden and disgrace to her and her children, she had borne up bravely, and especially since her conversion had found strength and comfort in prayer and in the certain faith that God would direct everything for the best. Her bright hope seemed to be far surpassed at the marvellous transformation that had taken place in Rudolf after his conversion, therefore the fearful collapse of her husband had utterly crushed hope out of her spirit. She had not yet heard of the worse until the Captain told her, and at the same time promised her to do his best for Rudolf. He would not give him up. The Captain succeeded in watering the drooping plant of faith in Minnie's heart, which, under the fiery rays of severe trial had wilted. Oh, the priceless value of a sympathetic word to a drooping soul.

The Captain followed out the plan which he had quickly arranged in his mind. "Where there's a will there's a way," is a true adage. Sincere interest is quicker in finding means to achieve its purposes than disinterested cleverness. He must see the manager of the factory. He found the manager in his luxurious residence with a bandaged eye. It was late in the afternoon already. When the Captain had explained his mission and asked for leniency on behalf of Rudolf, the manager was at first inclined to refuse to listen; as the Captain, however passionately pictured to him all that had transpired since the day of the accident, and made a strong plea for the wife and children, the manager listened first with interest and finally was profoundly moved by the story which was practically new to him. Before the Captain left he had the manager's promise that he would withdraw the charge of assault, and also that he would try and assist in finding some suitable employment for Rudolf when the latter would be discharged from jail.

So it happened that the magistrate, after he had received a few lines from the manager asking special consideration on behalf of the offender discharged the Man in the Moon with a severe reprimand and a warning of increased punishment in case of repetition.

The Captain did not do his work by halves, but had received the discharged man, who was thoroughly penitent, and taken him to his home. He had wisely not upbraided him with the disgraceful conduct of the previous night, but had exacted a promise that he would stay at home until the Captain called for him the next day. Minnie also had shown much tact in welcoming her husband with an affection that strove to conceal the traces of her recent anguish. This course proved to be the wisest, for instead of arousing a resentment in the sensitive, suspicious mind of the man who was only too conscious of fearful weakness and inconsistency, it appealed to all that was best in him, and the awakened sense of gratitude and indebtedness aroused his whole character to a determination to conquer.

(To be continued.)

Our work in Florence has lately experienced a very blessed revival. On a recent Thursday night eighteen men and women sought salvation—a fact without precedent in the history of the war in Italy. The following Saturday night four others surrendered to Jesus.

Truths Well Clothed.

One may smile and smile and be a villain still.—Shakespeare.

Slight small injuries and they will become none at all.—Fuller.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—Voltaire.

No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.—Aristotle.

What is often called indolence is the unconscious consciousness of incapacity.—H. C. Robinson.

Confidence of success is almost success; and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them.—Moir.

Fear nothing as much as sin and your moral heroism is complete.—C. Simmons.

Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society.—Thackeray.

Nothing is so haughty and assuming as ignorance where self-conceit sets up to be infallible.—South.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.—Carlyle.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent so much as the smallness of his wants.—Cobbett.

The honors we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowded with fruition.—Goldsmith.

Everything without tells the individual that he is nothing. Everything within persuades him that he is everything.—Doudan.

Things that Cheer.

Having just received my return for the September quarter, I am delighted to tell the Army friends of the G. B. M. scheme in West Ontario and other parts of the Dominion, that we reached the grand total of \$178.50, being a net increase of \$19 over last quarter. This enables us to again take the second highest place.

New Agents.

I also welcome the following new agents: Mrs. McIvroy, Mrs. Yerex, Bro. Currie, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Bragge, Bro. Johnston, which bring L. B. A. list up to 100 in number, and a most blessed, self-sacrificing crowd they are.

Lantern Services.

The subject, "Given in Charge," was much appreciated by the public. Many a tear was shed as scene after scene was displayed on the canvas. The meetings were fairly well attended, and as a result we were able to leave the corps in a better financial position.

Box Proceeds.

Best officer's box—Ensign Orchard. Best Local Agent's box—Mother Bradwell, \$4.71. Best friend's box—Mrs. Field, \$10. Leading towns—Brantford \$18.40, Goderich \$16.40, London \$14, Kingsville \$10.07, Seaford \$8.11, Galt \$7.50, Petrolia \$7.12, Ridgetown \$6.10, Hespeler \$5.10, Tilbury \$5.

The balance of our quarterly total has been made up by amounts under \$5. The names of the friends who gave them I would like to mention, only the fear of the Editor's scissors prevents me.

Our quarterly letter has cheered our box-holders, and definite advances have already been the result of it. We are steaming ahead. Our prospects to make December quarter the record-breaker are bright.—H. E. Collier, Ensign.

Hid in the Heart.

Hide in thine heart, as a precious thing,
The word of Him whom thy heart calls King;
Quick to obey when His will is clear—
Ready to trust if no light appear—
Only desiring Thy service to be
What He hath ordered and chosen for thee!

Hide in thine heart all the written word—
Oft have its precepts thy spirit stirred;
Oft shall its promise thy spirit sustain,
Giving thee power to trust again
The wisdom of Him, who knows no fear,
The love of the Lord whom thy heart holds dear.

Child of the King! 'tis thy daily part,
Deeper to fathom thy Father's heart
Hourly to prove His unflinching love,
Higher in measure than heaven above;
May thy response to His sweet message be
Yea, Lord! Thy word shall dwell richly in me.

(Col. iii. 16.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire AT ST. JOHN I.

A Downpour of Rain—Good Crowds and Sinners Seeking Salvation.

Like a war horse fresh on the field of battle has the Brigadier returned to us after a few weeks' much-needed rest, and having attended the Field Commissioner's councils in Toronto. As a fireman at the first wild cry of fire, did he rush forth to his first Sunday's meetings at No. 1. We give him ten thousand welcomes back to the Province. God bless our Brigadier.

There was a steady downpour of rain all day, but excellent crowds came to the meetings, and everyone seemed full of expectancy. The crowd rushed from us in the afternoon open-air on account of a sudden heavy shower, and off they went to the barracks. While the rain was pouring down on the roof and pattering against the window panes, a good, lively, interesting meeting was going on inside with a nice comfortable crowd.

The subject in the morning holiness meeting was, "Canaan, and how to get into it." In the afternoon, "War Memories," and at night, "The Sinner's Detective," when the Brigadier, with his usual earnestness spoke from the words, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Mrs. Pugmire assisted in all the meetings. Her singing with the Brigadier was a splendid feature in each meeting.

We had one splendid case of conversion in the afternoon, and two men came out at night. The meetings finished up about eleven p.m., everyone concluding that they had spent a glorious day in spite of the weather being so against us. The Brigadier was in the best of trim, and worked very hard all day. He is having a council with the city officers this afternoon and an officers' and soldiers' council to-night. Expecting wonderful times. Sure of a crowd, for have we not heard that every soldier to a man has promised to come over from Fairville to No. 1 for the same? And this morning as the writer stepped on a street car before breakfast, she spied an old grey-haired lady with a badge on. After the usual morning greetings she said, "Will you be at the meeting to-night, mother?" "Yes, I am just going there now," she replied, and further explained she had a long way to come, so she started early in the morning and would stay near by all day so as to be there in good time, as it was so hard for her to walk far.

Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.

Following on the Sunday's special meetings at St. John I., led by Brigadier Pugmire, came the officers' and soldiers' councils on Monday. About twenty officers met together in the cosy offices at the Training Garrison. Every officer was delighted to have the Brigadier once more in their midst. For about two hours he spoke, first on sacrifice, bringing prominently to the front the testing times in our experience, broken vows, that it was God Himself spoke to us calling us to this work, that He wants our best, and we must deny ourselves, must live in perfect obedience to His will, and then of the glorious reward not only in the life that is to come, but also in this. The Self-Denial was brought before us, and he touched on different important points in connection with the work in general, and unburdened his heart to us in burning words that went to the heart of every officer. It seemed as

though during the last weeks of his recent illness he had longed for an opportunity like this, and now that it had come could scarcely talk fast enough to squeeze all he had to say into so short a space of time. Such a meeting as this cannot fail to do much good, and bring about some remarkable results.

At night we arrived at the hall to find standing outside a huge bus that had conveyed every soldier and the officers from Fairville, and inside a large crowd of officers, soldiers and recruits from all over the city, the old lady who started before breakfast in the morning, occupying a front seat.

What an exciting time it was, a real old-time Salvation Army meeting, with not only singing, shouting, clapping of hands, and tremendous volleys, but a good, practical talk from the Brigadier on the words, "And sitting down, they watched Him there," which brought us all to gaze once more upon the beautiful character of Jesus, and resulted in SEVEN kneeling at the Cross to consecrate themselves fully to His service. Before finishing up the good old colors were brought to the front, officers and locals came to the platform, and as many as could with the Brigadier grasped hold of it and renewed their covenant to stand by its principles until death.

Mrs. Pugmire and the Chancellor stood by the Brigadier's side right through the meetings.

The Brigadier introduced Ensign Kerr as Adjutant in both the officers' and soldiers' councils to the delight of everyone, we believe, and the newly-made Adjutant assured us that she was in for victory, that the District was in a healthy condition spiritually, that they were going in to do their best for Self-Denial, and everything else in

general, and they could be reckoned on.

The Brigadier himself was delighted with the unity that prevailed amongst officers and soldiers, and also with the S.-D. spirit manifested, and has great hopes for St. John District.—Red Riding Hood.



Stuttgart can boast of a splendid new hall which has just been opened.

The Harvest Festival number of the "Der Krieger" was printed in two colors of ink and contains a translation of the Field Commissioner's article "Old Tiff."

Commissioner McKie has just concluded a very successful tour through the North-East Germany, and is just now making a tour through a Southern part of his command.

A second hall has been engaged in Cologne on Rhine.

A hall has also been secured in Erfurt. A great friend of the Army there has not only given us valuable advice, but also given us a substantial donation towards the opening expenses, as well as helped in securing a hall.

Gossip is a beast of prey that does not wait for the death of the creature it devours.



FREDERICTON GARRISON.

After thirteen years serving God I rejoice to be able to say that He is my Saviour still, and I find in Him my sufficiency. I love my work in the S. A. more than ever. We are having fine times at the Garrison. With Christ we shall conquer.—J. S. McLean, Adjt.

Eleven years ago I was brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army. Eight years I have been an officer, and in every difficulty of the War Christ has been enough for me. I love my work better than ever, and mean to do my best for God and souls.—W. Lamont, Capt.

I give God the glory for the work He has done in my soul. I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus took me in. I am getting along well in the Garrison. God has wonderfully come to my help in the short time I have been here. I am determined to go forward and do whatever should come my way, for the extension of His Kingdom.—Cadet A. E. Armstrong.

I thank God I am saved through the Blood of the Lamb. I am glad that I am in the service of Jesus. I am getting along well in the Garrison, love the work and mean to give God my whole life's service.—Cadet J. C. Smith.

About one year and two months ago I sought pardon of God at the Salvation Army, and God saved me. Since then I have obeyed His voice and enjoyed the peace that Jesus gives. A few weeks ago I entered the Garrison, and God has helped me wonderfully. I enjoy the work God has given me,

and feel more determined than ever to go on.—Cadet Kirk.

"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."

I find that seeking God first in everything, does bring satisfaction and peace to my soul. Praise God forever! The Training Home is a place where I have learnt many things which otherwise I would never have known, and I know they shall be beneficial in time to come.—Cadet Sharpam.

"Acquaint thyself with God and He shall give thee peace." I am glad I have found this wonderful peace that God gives freely to all who seek Him. I feel that He reigns supremely in my heart, and that my whole life is in His hands to do just what He likes. I find that keeping low at His feet He enables me to walk uprightly before a sin-cursed world, and each day my desire is to grow more like Him and keep my eyes fixed on the Cross. I love the Training Garrison.—Cadet Deakin.

My experience is, Jesus is able to save and to keep and to help to do right at all times.—Walter Ston.

Once I used to serve the devil and sell rum, but thank God, old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new. I became a Salvationist when the Army first opened on the Island of Bermuda. I would like to see all the rum-sellers saved and living for God. I mean to do all I can to get others saved.—Cadet Dunscombe.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

WALTER HANSON, age 20, light hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 5 in. Last heard of at Houlton, Me. Supposed to have gone to the Klondike or Cuba. His mother is very anxious about him. Address to Mrs. H. M. Hanson, Fredericton, N. B., or Adj. McLean, Fredericton, N. B. American Cry Please copy.

CONSOD HOPKINS, age 50 years, auburn hair, brown eyes, medium height. Something to his advantage awaits him. Will anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate with Miss Rowena McIlveen, Clavering P. O., Ont. American Cry please copy.

WALTER BURKE. Left his home at Beyton, Suffolk, England, and was last heard from on February 3rd, 1879, in Downsview, Ontario. His brother anxiously inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WILLIAM LURCH, formerly a Salvation Army soldier at Minneapolis. His sister Dora is very anxious to know his address. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

PETER McNAB, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, little scar on nose. Last heard of Aug. 20th, 1890. Was living then in Grayling, Mich., also worked for Mr. Ketchen, of Kitchener, Mich. His widowed mother, Mrs. Jas. McNab, of Mount Forest, Ont., is anxious to hear. American Cry please copy.

JESSIE R. TAYLOR, about 23 years of age, 5 ft. in height, light hair and blue eyes. Missing about 18 months. Last known address was c/o Mr. Hall, Richmond, Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CHARLES EYEKIEL LLOYD, last heard of at 17 Corn Exchange, Montreal, Canada. Before that, was in Conbury, Mortimer. His friends are anxious to hear. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MRS. LIEU WORKMAN. Anyone knowing the address of the above kindly communicate with C. P. Fleegar, 926 Bridge St., Spokane, Wash., U. S.

DAVID MORRIS. Dark complexion. height 6 ft. Left Toronto six years ago. Last known address Westminster Ave., Vancouver, B. C., also lived at Port San Juan, B. C. His mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

FROM THE LATEST OPENING.

TRAIL, B. C.—The first week of the battle in Trail has been fought, and in looking over results find much to encourage us. Finances are good, and the people are exceedingly kind. Inside attendance rather small at present but are believing for better things soon. Interest is increasing. Prospects for Junior work exceedingly encouraging. Twenty-six in attendance first Sunday. War Cry sell well. Expect to increase order soon. Capt. Lester and Lieut. Morris and Rossland comrades with us Monday evening, and a good meeting resulted. Are determined to fight on with God's help and win souls for His Kingdom.—H. F. Brown, Cadet.

HAMILTON, Ber.—Sunday, October 18th, was a real day of pentecost. Meetings led by Capt. Hickey and Lieut. Martin, assisted by Sergt.-Major Howe. The holiness meeting was a most heart-searching time. TEN souls came out for purity and power. Afternoon free-and-easy, real proper Blood-and-Fire go-ahead time. Truly it was heaven upon earth. ONE soul at the Cross. Night meeting, God came very near. The officers spoke words clothed with the power of God, cutting deep into the hearts of the people. At the close we rejoiced over THREE souls, making the total for the day's fight fourteen for purity and salvation. To God be all the glory.—C. Tatem.

Never Before...

not in all the record of the excellent special issues of the War Cry has there been contemplated such a unique

Christmas War Cry

as we are getting now ready for 1898.

Just focus your percepticles on this list:—

- Finely - colored lithographed cover;
- Striking and original design on it;
- Thirty-six pages of the usual size;
- Numerous and artistic illustrations;
- Bright, cheerful and helpful reading;
- Original contributions from the best writers;
- An excellent article by the Field Commissioner, entitled, "The Bridal Day."
- Interesting contents for officers, and soldiers, friends and foes, rich and poor, Christians and sinners, believers and backsliders, in short, everybody.

"How much? Fifty cents?" Oh, no! Only TEN cents!!

EASTERN ECHOES.

SUMMERSIDE.—Major Collier with us on Tuesday night. Good crowd in attendance. The Major's address was to the unsaved, and pleaded with them to seek Christ. In the soldiers' meeting the Major spoke for some time on Self-Denial. We enjoyed his counsel.—Yours in the war, Mattie Gamble, Reg. Cor.

NEW GLASGOW.—Have had a real, hearty welcome to my new corps, and like it immensely. Barracks packed Sunday night, and two souls in the Fountain.—Yours in the war, W. Byers, Adjt.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—Thursday night we had the Drunkard's Home meeting, conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Wright, from Clark's Harbor. It was very interesting, and showed plainly the difference salvation can and does make in the lives and homes of men and women. Ensign Wright gave a portion of his experience, which was indeed an eventful one.—A. E. H.

HALIFAX I.—On Sunday afternoon Adjt. McGillivray dedicated the infant child of Bro. and Sister Ford, also the infant child of Bandsman Debrisay and wife. At night, three souls at the Cross. Hallelujah!—Treas. Casbin.

DIGBY.—Ensign Pugh with us on Saturday and Sunday, also Mrs. Ensign Milner and Lieut. Dunn, who are home resting. Good meetings right through.—S. D., R. C.

HALIFAX II.—Thursday night meeting led by Adjt. McLean. A nice turn out and one soul at the Cross. Friday night a poor old drunk came and knelt down and put his arms around my neck and told me he loved me, but got no further. Cadets Todde and Webber, from the H. M. S. Cordelia, has left us to go to assist at New Glasgow and Sydney Mines, before going to the Garrison. Good crowds on Sunday. Finances best for three months. Twenty people asking for Crys and none to give them—all gone before Sunday.—G. P. Thompson.

(Splendid, but what a shame to disappoint people. Increase your order, Captain.—Ed.)

New Barracks at Huntsville.

Huntsville has opened its new barracks. The first meeting was a huge success; building crowded.

Some leading men of the town were present. Rev. Mr. Lock (Methodist), Rev. Mr. McVicar (Presbyterian), both addressed the meeting and spoke highly of the S. A. work.

Mr. Whight, who was promoted Captain for the occasion, took the chair in the absence of the Mayor, while Mr. Rees spoke very feelingly of the opening of Huntsville, by the Army and its wonderful accomplishments.

Adj. Scarr, our worthy D. O., came down from Bracebridge for the occasion.—Lieut. T. J. Meeks.

Council Echoes.

What mighty, inspiring seasons these proved to be to everyone who attended them. What lessons should be—we believe have been—learned from them. If in any sense there has been unsystematic, shilly-shally work in the past, the injunction, "NOT SLOTHFUL, IN BUSINESS," so forcibly impressed upon us by our beloved Commissioner will serve to remedy any of the kind in the future. The finances will note the benefit, also the various features of the Senior and Junior war. Visitation will soon show an improvement; some corps will be better organized; barracks and quarters will have an improved appearance. Tell me where the quarters is ill-kept—dishes on the table a couple of hours after each meal, the beds unmade at any hour—and I will tell you where in every feature of the work connected with that officer's life will be manifested the violation of the above injunction. Let us write it on our hearts—have it before us everywhere—"Not slothful in business."—"The Comrade," W. O. P.

Every officer who had the privilege of attending the councils will not forget what they heard for a long time, and we are hoping that a big impetus has been given to the war, as a consequence. We praise God for the marvellous way our Commissioner was upheld, and although there was naturally been a reaction, yet we are pleased to report that the Commissioner is gradually getting stronger. Will you keep on praying that God will completely restore her?—"Centralian."



The Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has presided important officers' councils at Saint Aubin, Switzerland.

The Training Home has opened for its winter session in Paris with 20 Cadets.

At Besancon, a city amidst the beautiful Jura Mountains, the Army ready to begin work there, has rented an old abandoned Catholic chapel that will be transformed into a Salvation Army barracks.

Eight or nine years ago Salvationists did not dare to have a prayer meeting after sunset in some districts of Switzerland. A few days ago two processions with lanterns have been led by Staff Officers through the streets of the village of Saint Aubin, a place well known for the persecutions Salvationists had to bear there. Faith, patience and perseverance have won the victory. In the two meetings that followed these two processions, ten precious souls looked for peace and pardon at the foot of the Cross.

Billings Reviewed.

The Salvation Army began its work here in Billings about Sept. 20th, of last year, under the able leadership of Ensign Stanbury and Capt. Scott. It was a hard fight for a long time, perhaps none knew that better than the officers themselves, but God has prospered the cause. From a small beginning there has grown up a corps of 20 soldiers in good standing. We have also a Sunday School of perhaps 40 scholars. Our corps takes 137 War Crys per week and sells them all. Lieut. Gains sold 95 last Saturday. We raised about \$80 last Harvest Festival. Our target for Self-Denial Week is \$150, and I have no doubt we will get it.—A. J. Smart, Reg. Cor.

A Norwich Army Friend Called Higher.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Such were the words which came to us as we looked upon the silent features of a true Army friend asleep in Jesus, Mrs. Pearson. Although not a soldier, she did all that she could for the officers and the Army and was always enquiring if we had sufficient for our needs. The call was sudden; she arose in the morning apparently well, but before three o'clock in the afternoon was called to receive her reward. Many officers will remember the hospitality received at Mother Pearson's home, and will remember before the Throne the bereaved children, who mourn deeply the loss of their dear mother.—F. Hol-

Latent Corps Reports.

OTTAWA.—Sunday, a day of victory, when five sought pardon. Grand meetings. We feel like going on.—A. J. French, Cor.

ANACONDA.—We have had ONE soul this week. Interest coming up. Are doing our best to lick the devil.—Capt. Stanbury.

SARNIA.—One backslider has returned. Capt. Collier has been with us with lantern, subject, "Taken in charge." Much appreciated.—E. M. Agnew.

NAPANEE.—God is helping us here. We are full of faith for victory for S. D. Our target is going to be smashed all to pieces. War Crys all sold.—A. N.

KENTVILLE.—Lieut. Carter has said good-bye and is again to the front of the battle after spending a much-needed rest at home. One soul in the Fountain on Sunday.—J. H. Burley.

MINOT, N. D.—While visiting in the country last week in one home we dedicated a sweet little babe to God. We are moving on to victory by the help of the Lord.—A. Graham, Capt.

ST. JOHNS II., Nfld.—Seven have knelt at the Cross for pardon lately, and three for purity of heart. An enrolment and a trades' union meeting have been held lately.—A. Boggs, Ensign.

CATALINA, Nfld.—Seven souls "or the week. Our platform needs to be enlarged. Soldiers are on fire, converts taking their stand under the Blood and Fire Flag. War Crys all sold.—L. Shepherd.

LEWISTON, Ida.—Our new officers, Capt. Hayes, and Cadet Long, welcomed three weeks ago. Crowds increasing finances good. War Crys go like hot cakes. SIX souls won for God. Soldiers' tea Tuesday night. Eight out for the blessing.—Fred Johnson.

ORILLIA.—We have said good-bye to our officers and welcomed Capt. Creamer and Stephens to our midst. Interest rising, also collections. Crowds good. War Crys all sold out. One for cleansing and one for salvation. We are in for victory.—A. C., Reg. Cor.

PRESCOTT.—We are still alive, although the devil has a strong hold here. We believe God is going to give us victory. We are going in to do our very best for Self-Denial. One backslider came home last night.—Yours to win, Lieuts. L. Newell and Carter.

LISTOWEL.—This week two, precious souls came and cried for pardon. We are in for a hard fight for Self-Denial, and we mean by the help of God to hit our target. We had a visit from the D. O., Ensign Orchard, who gave a brief account of his life, which we all enjoyed.—Capt. McCutcheon.

DRAYTON.—Four souls at the Cross. The first a dear boy, age 10, then his brother a year or two older, and then the mother and father, both backsliders of several years' standing. The little child led them. Six at the penitent form since last Sunday.—C. Jarvis, Capt.

WINDSOR.—We are in the war, We are in the war, We'll fight the fight for God and right, For we are in the war. Yesterday was a day of war from start to finish, and one sister left the ranks of doubters and joined the shouters. We were reinforced for the week-end by Capt. Hailey, of Essex.—Yours in the war, Fred Burton, Capt.

MONTREAL I.—Sunday, meetings good all day, would up at night with five souls seeking pardon. Monday night another backslider returned home. Thursday night Ensign Sims was with us with magic lantern. Subject of the meeting, "Father, come home." Saturday night, musical meeting, Bandmaster Smith in charge. Staff-Capt. Burditt occupied the chair. The program was varied and interesting.—C. H.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—A blessed soul-refreshing day yesterday. Holiness meeting, two volunteered for sanctification. Free-and-easy in the afternoon went with a swing. Good time at night; best of all a dear girl, who for some time felt the weight of her sins, laid them at the Cross and claimed deliverance. Hallelujah! A young man, backslider, was reclaimed during the week, and is getting along beautifully. Adjutant, with her noble Praying Gang, started out on their S. D. trip this morning. Pray that success may crown their efforts.—Trifortia.

Let the Lord be your song, and the

Central Ontario Cuttings.

After a busy day at the Provincial Office, away we go helter-skelter, hurry-scurry to the railway depot, en route for Newmarket. Capt. Williams was waiting to escort us to our billet. The open-air march (after a word of prayer) was an all-alive, Blood-and-Fire, sing-as-if-you-meant-it affair, 24 being the number who raised their lusty, hearty voices in salvation song. A fine crowd had gathered inside, and a real magnificent meeting resulted in three souls coming forward—two for salvation and one for holiness. Mrs. Gaskin's singing, to guitar accompaniment, was much enjoyed. The corps is in a first-class shape. The soldiers are a fine, go-ahead band. We had a talk with the soldiers after the meeting.

STROUD.—The little band of soldiers have fought faithfully for years; it was a pleasure to meet them. We had a good march, a lighted torch, Ensign Attwell's cornet, and a big drum materially assisted in making things interesting. We had a very good meeting. A nice crowd present, although Lieut. Jackson had only had two days to make announcements. They will get their S. D. target. A cup of tea at the Sergeant-Major's, and we drive back to Barrie, seven miles, arriving at midnight.

BARRIE.—The day was spent in looking into District figures, visiting, etc. The open-air was a real prime affair, twenty-six warriors sang and testified and marched to the glory of God. Inside a fine crowd had gathered. Mrs. Gaskin sang, the Brigadier spoke, and much blessing was the result. We wound up by the Brigadier giving an address to the soldiers, which will help things along. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell have taken well hold. S. D. will be O. K. and the Winter Campaign a success. Next morning, early, a girl soldier, who had been impressed with the previous night's meeting, came to the quarters and volunteered for the work.

ORILLIA.—Captains Creamer and Stephens are the lassie commanders here. Mrs. Gaskin stayed for Friday night and had a good time, while the Brigadier went on to Huntsville, calling on his way to have a chat with Adj. Scarr, at Bracebridge station.

HUNTSVILLE.—There had been some little mistake about the Brigadier's meeting, still it did not prevent a nice number turning up for the soldiers' meeting, which was a real inspiring time. Captain White and Lieut. Meeks are the much-loved officers. Saturday was a busy day getting ready for the opening of the new barracks. The rain came down in floods, while the Brigadier was making his way here and there rendering what assistance he could in getting the building ready.

PARRY SOUND.—Away we go into a boat which is soon spitting fire as struggles with a few passengers up the bay. The dock is not a very brilliantly-lighted place, so we plunged into the darkness, through mud and slush; reached the sidewalk at last, and—hello, what's that? the sound of a cornet, some singing, and the boom of the drum, and we are at the open-air. Fire a volley! Fall in! Tramp, tramp, splash, splash through the mud to the hall. The crowd was not large, still we had a nice meeting.

What a storm raged through the night. The house where we were billeted rocked like a drunken man, and, as we made our way to knee-drill on Sunday morning the heavy, dark clouds hung low and a damp, chilling wind made us hurry to keep warm. The meetings all day were well attended in spite of wet, sleet, snow and wind. In the morning two held up their hands for holiness. The Self-Denial Nomination meeting followed the afternoon meeting, and the response made by the comrades left no room for a doubt about the target being smashed. The hall was crowded at night, we had a powerful meeting. Three comrades were enrolled under the Blood-and-Fire Flag. Capt. and Lieut. Howcroft have the corps well in hand.

MIDLAND.—Mrs. Gaskin had been holding the fort Saturday and Sunday, and had experienced great times. The people were delighted, the soldiers got blessed and one soul saved, while several others held up their hands for prayer. Expectation was high for Monday, and we were not disappointed. A fine crowd filled the hall and listened intently to the singing of Mrs. Gaskin and the Brigadier's address.

A soldiers' meeting followed and the S. D. Nomination was got through successfully—finishing up with a chat with Captain and Treasurer at about 11:50. We left Midland between six and seven on Tuesday morning for Toronto, having

An Iron Pillar.

Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER X.

I saw crosses would not fail, since my mother-in-law had survived my husband. I was still tied, having two children so short a time before my husband's death, the effect of Divine wisdom; for had I only my eldest son, I would have put him in college, and gone into the convent of the Benedictines, and frustrated all the designs of God.

I was willing to show the esteem I had for my husband in causing the most magnificent funeral to be made for him, at my own expense. I paid off the legacies he left. I had nobody to apply to for advice or help; my brother would not give me the least assistance. I was ignorant of business affairs; but God supplied me with such a perfect intelligence that I succeeded. I omitted not the least detail, and was surprised that I should know without ever having learned. I digested all my papers, and regulated all my affairs, without assistance. My husband had abundance of writings deposited in his hands. I took an exact inventory of them, and sent them severally to their owners, which, without Divine assistance, would have been difficult for me; because, my husband having been long sick, everything was in great confusion. This gained me the reputation of being a skillful woman.

There was one matter of great importance. A number of persons, who had been contending at law for years, applied to my husband to settle their affairs. Though it was not properly the business of a gentleman, they applied to him because he had understanding and prudence; and as he had a love for several of them, he consented. There were twenty actions and twenty-two persons concerned, who could not get any end put to their differences, by reason of new incidents continually falling out. My husband got lawyers to examine the papers, but died before he could make any procedure. After his death I sent for them to give them their papers, but they would not receive them, begging that I would accommodate them, and prevent their ruin. It appeared to me as ridiculous, as impossible, to undertake an affair of so great consequence, and which would require so long a discussion. Nevertheless, relying on God, I consented. I shut myself up thirty days in my closet, for all these affairs, without going out but to mass and to meals. The arbitration prepared, they all signed it without seeing it. They were all so well satisfied therewith, they published it everywhere. It was God alone who did those things; for after they were settled I knew nothing about them, and if I hear any talk of such things, it sounds like Arabic.

Being a widow my crosses increased. That turbulent domestic I have mentioned became more furious than ever. In our house she had amassed a good fortune, and I settled on her, besides, an annuity for life, for services done my husband. She swelled with vanity and haughtiness. Having been used to sit up so much with an invalid, she had taken to drink wine, to keep up her spirits. This had passed into a habit. As she grew aged and weak, a little affected her. I tried to hide this fault; but it could not be concealed. I spoke to her confessor, that he might try, softly and artfully, to reclaim her from it; but instead of profiting by her director's advice, she was outrageous against me.

In the place where I lived, I met with one whose doctrine was suspected, but who possessed a dignity in the church, which obliged me to have a deference for him. As he understood how averse I was to all unsound in the faith, and knowing I had some credit in the place, he used his utmost efforts to engage me in his sentiments. I answered him with so much clearness, he had not a word to reply. This increased his desire to contract a friendship for me. He continued to importune me for two years. As he was polite, obliging, and learned, I did not mistrust him, but even conceived a hope of his conversion, in which I found myself mistaken. I then ceased going near him. Therefore he and his party raised up strong persecutions against me.

These gentlemen had a method by which they knew who were of their party, and who opposite. They sent circular letters, by means of which they cried me down, after a strong manner. This gave me little trouble. I was glad of my new liberty, intending never again to enter into an intimacy with anyone.

mortify the soul, as it leaves it not any prop to lean upon. The impure, selfish soul is hereby purified, as gold in the furnace. Full of its own judgment, and its own will before; it now obeys like a child, and finds no other will in itself. Before, it would have contested for a trifle; now, it yields at once, not with reluctance and pain, but naturally. Its own vices are vanished. This creature so vain before, now loves poverty, littleness and humiliation. Before, it preferred itself, above everybody; now, everybody above itself, having a boundless love for its neighbor, to bear with his faults. The wolf is changed to the lamb.

Geneva came into my mind, in a singular manner, which caused me many fears. "What," said I, "to complete my reprobation shall I go to such an excess of impiety, as to quit the faith through apostasy?" (The inhabitants of Geneva being generally Protestant Calvinists.) Am I then about quitting that church, for which I would have given a thousand lives? A letter from Father La Combe, in which he wrote an account of his present disposition, somewhat similar to mine, restored peace to my mind. I felt myself inwardly united to him, as to a person of great fidelity to the grace of God. Afterwards a woman appeared to me in a dream from heaven, to tell me God demanded me at Geneva.

(To be continued.)

S. A. Wedding at Glace Bay.

The Hallelujah Wedding that took place here Tuesday, Nov. 1st was a success, although it was a stormy evening. The contracting parties were Bro. D. McDonald and Sister Laura Quist. The platform was nicely decorated with house plants, wall paper, carpet and a beautiful arch covered with flags and tissue paper, etc, but not until the bride and bridegroom, best man and best girl, with Blood-and-Fire jerseys, and Hallelujah Bonnets and white sashes, stood under the arch did the decorations seem complete. Not only was the minister in a hurry (as he had to marry two others that night), but the best man seemed to be in a hurry as well. From the door to the platform, in fact, the rest of the party could not keep up to him. After a song, prayer, and a solo from Mrs. Ensign Creighton, the Ensign read the Articles of Marriage, and when asked if they were willing to be married upon these terms to "stand forward," without hesitation they stood up, and although the "I will's" were faint, yet, no doubt, firm. After congratulations from the minister and from the audience, in the shape of a good volley, the Orange Band played a selection. There were quite a few speakers, including Ensign Penney, who said she could not give her exper-

Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Self-Denial Week.

The Self-Denial Week will be nearly over by the date this edition reaches our readers. Signs of an abundance of rain are visible on the horizon, every Provincial Officer has something encouraging to report, so we may confidently expect that the various targets will be hit in the bull's-eye.

The Christmas War Cry.

Here we are, raking over our brains and plowing our hair with our fingers in the endeavor to get up a Christmas edition that shall beat all the previous records. Our motto is "Better than the best yet," and with daring determination we write over every objection and obstacle the devil may bring up and pile in our pathway to reach that goal. Better than the best yet it will have to be, and so we plan and scheme and work, and write, and toil, and tare, and boil, and bare, and rhyme, and sweat, and dream about it until the substance of our faith is sufficiently condensed and congealed to a consistency that will permit us to hand it over to the compositors.

The Devil After Us.

Soon the little bright-eyed, patient devil will be after us a score of times a day for copy. I mean the harmless devil, whom we have learned to like very well, except when he bothers us too much, I mean the printers' devil! Why he is so-called I don't know, but I know he is the most willing and obliging creature that I have known for a long time;—I presume, he got his name from the fact that his frequent calls for copy is a source of torment to the editor.

One Way to Get Rich.

Ensign Fox sends us a cutting which will be of interest to those who want to accumulate wealth:—

"The way to get rich is to trust nobody, befriend none, get all you can, take all you can get, stint yourself and everything that belongs to you, be a friend to no man, let no man be a friend of yours, heap up interest, be mean, miserly and despised for twenty or thirty years and riches will come to you as sure as disease, disappointment and death, and when pretty nearly enough wealth has been accumulated by a disregard of the charities of the human heart and at the expense of every enjoyment, death will finish the work, and the body is buried, the helms dance and fight over what you have left, and the spirit goes—where? By all means get rich. It will pay—the devil says so."

Made Him Feel Small.

An American paper tell a story of a man who was overtaken by a storm, to escape which he crawled into a hollow log. The log swelled by getting wet, and caught the man so tightly that he could not get out. He began to think over his past life, recalling all the wrong things he had done. Ever and anon he would renew the struggle to extricate himself, but in vain. After a while he thought of the way he had acted in not paying his War Cry subscription, and immediately he got so small that he could turn around and come out of the log without difficulty.

A Case of Blister.

The following two postal cards will explain each other:

Ch—, Nov. 7th, '98.

Dear Editor,—I am amused to see Capt. C. A's name in the boomers column for 243 War Crys sold when the corps only takes 143. I did not know the number taken by the corps until C— told me, who noticed the same mistake himself. I wonder who is to blame for such blundering. It is a pity it cannot be kept straight.—Yours in the war, Capt. H—.

W—, Oct. 17th, 1898.

Dear Editor,—I have sold on the streets this week 243 War Crys dated Oct. 15th; this shows 100 more than we got from you. I wanted to see how many War Crys I could sell here on the streets, and knowing that N. G. have a lot left every week, I got the 100 copies from them, and sold them all. please enter my name for 243.—Yours in Jesus, Chas. A—.

We recommend to Capt. H— the contemplation of our illustration in this issue under "Bliss and Blister."

When trouble and sorrow come to us the one thing we want to learn is that the God who "did it" is not a blind your heart towards your Heavenly Father.—Cuyler.

Daddy Manton at Hespeler.

(Special.)

Last week everybody that knew anything about the Army in this little factory town was jubilant at hearing of Adj. Manton's coming. They were not disappointed.

The blessings we all received from the Lord through him at 7 a.m. will not be forgotten. Holiness meeting, grand.

The hall was packed in the afternoon, and as the red-hot truths were driven home to their hearts by the Adjutant's songs and heart to heart appeals, many winced under their sense of guilt.

The night meeting excelled all the others, and eternity alone will reveal all that was accomplished for the Kingdom.

By the way, he did not forget the Juniors.

His private meeting with the soldiers will prove a source of invaluable blessing to them. We all say heartily, Adjutant, Bless Dear

lence of married life, but could of salvation. The signing of papers, etc., took up some time, after which the newly married couple and their supporters took their place on the platform again. They each spoke and seemed to show their determination to be Salvationists till death. Many thanks to the band boys for their kindness.—J. Bowering, Capt.

WANTED---AT ONCE!

Every reader of the War Cry to make up his mind to buy the excellent

Christmas War Cry.

If you are doubtful whether the Captain will come round your way, or whether she will receive you a copy if you do not tell her, MAKE SURE of a copy by giving her notice, that

YOU ARE BOUND TO HAVE A COPY

and she will see that you get it.



Gee Whizz!!—Gaskin's Nigger to the Front—Leads with Eighty-Nine—A Complete Victory—Bennett's Mag Second—Southall Gives up Seagram.

What a complete victory! Why, Kitchener is not in it. Gaskin did not like trotting on behind, so he quickly trained his charger, and with a tremendous swoop that would put a Bedouine to shame, he passed the other nags without a difficulty. He is leagues ahead of the rest.

Twenty-four behind comes Bennett's Mag with flying mane. He has passed all others, but nigger is too much for him yet. More oats, Mag, more oats! You can do it with a little more feeding.

Southall is thrown by his Seagram, so Seagram must go. Next week we shall see him on his new horses and shall see what he can do. This week, however, repentance comes too late—he is thrown, has been passed, he has been left behind to mourn and weep. Nevertheless, the worthy W. O. Commander does not belong to the group of weeping willows, nor has any relations in the willow family—except he might have had some unpleasant relations with the birch in his childhood days—so he will rally, brush the dust off his boots and mount again. "Let not mine enemies rejoice," is his cry.

The East? Well, Pugmire will presently tug them out of the mire and marsh of the rear into the solid advancing front; see if he don't. Harry Hustler will watch and report promptly when it happens.

The Pacific is keeping up fine, 24 hustlers this week. The North-West is now falling behind the Pacific. Who would have thought it? Newfoundland is away down again; it is very unstable, like the troubled sea.

Capt. Hellman, of London, leads with highest sales this week (238). Mrs. Huffman, of Woodstock, Ont., follows, and Capt. Horwood, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., is third in the Territory. God bless these comrades; please send Harry Hustler your photos, and oblige,

Yours pushingly,
HARRY HUSTLER.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

SERGEANT-MAJOR DYKER, Orillia	117
SISTER PEARCE, Temple	113
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	90
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	87
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	85
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	80
Sister Medlock, Temple	75
Sister Currell, Temple	73
Capt. Fisher, Hamilton I.	72
Cadet Thompson, Richmond St.	72
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	70
Sister M. Allard, Parry Sound	60
Cand. Peacock, Barrie	57
Capt. Nelson, Gravenhurst	55
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	50
Bro. Dixon, Temple	50
Capt. M. Stephens, North Bay	50
Lieut. L. McLennan, North Bay	50
Capt. Wm. White, Oakville	50
Capt. Clink, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood	50
Mrs. Bone, Barrie	50
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	49
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	48
Capt. A. Sherwin, Sudbury	45
Lieut. L. Bond, Sudbury	45
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	45
Capt. Hanna, Brampton	43
Cadet Levitt, Richmond St.	42
Lieut. Wadge, Brampton	42
Sergeant-Major Beall, St. Catharines	42
Capt. Smith, Dundas	42
Lieut. Donaldson, Dundas	41
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	40
Lieut. M. Howcroft, Parry Sound	40
Sister Russell, Orangeville	40
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	40
Lieut. Northcott, Newmarket	40
Sergeant. A. Stickells, Lisgar St.	39
Capt. Stephens, Orillia	37
Lieut. Cooper, St. Catharines	37
Capt. Brant, Feversham	35

Cadet Kilty, Richmond, St.	33
Sergeant-Major Bradley, Temple	30
Sister McQuaig, Temple	30
Lieut. Cornish, Feversham	30
Capt. A. Nelson, Omeme	29
Cadet Young, Richmond St.	28
Sergeant-Major Hunter, Newmarket	28
Capt. Tinney, Aurora	28
Lieut. Titus, Aurora	27
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott	27
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	27
Mrs. Adj. Taylor, Hamilton I.	26
Capt. Copper, Chesley	26
Lieut. Edwards, Chesley	25
Sister M. Jones, Hamilton I.	25
Cadet Crawford, Lippincott	25
Lieut.	
Capt.	
Lieut.	
Capt.	

Lieut.
Capt.
Lieut.
Capt.



Gaskin on his noble Nigger: "We lead; others follow."

Lieut. Dales, Oshawa	25
Capt. Wiseman, Brooklyn	24
Cadet Ringler, Lippincott	23
Sister Boulton, Temple	23
Sister Howard, Collingwood	23
Lieut. Jackson, Stroud	22
Bro. G. Slanton, Hamilton I.	22
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	22
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	22
Bro. Wm. Stevens, Riverside	22
Sergeant-Major Donaldson, Lisgar St.	21
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	21
Cadet Carpenter, Richmond St.	21
Father Curry, Hamilton I.	20
Lieut. Crego, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Thompson, Sudbury	20
Sister H. Peard, St. Catharines	20
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Ensign Attwell, Barrie	20
Sister M. Stickells, Lisgar St.	20
Sister Keefer, Newmarket	20
Capt. Hart, Riverside	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

66 Hustlers.

CAPT. FRENCH, Peterboro	112
CAPT. WILSON, St. Albans	110
LIEUT. LATIMER, Cornwall	101
SERGEANT-MAJOR PERKINS, Barre, Vt.	100
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	85
Adj. Blackburn, Picton	78
Ensign Parker, Quebec	60
Sergeant. Rodgers, Montreal I.	75
Bro. G. Barritt, Montreal I.	75
Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa	72
Lieut. Brown, Newport, Vt.	70
Capt. A. Norman, Napanee	70
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	64
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	60
Lieut. A. Norman, Napanee	60
Lieut. Sleeth, Morrisburg	56
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Picton	55
Capt. McIntyre, Gananoque	50
Sister Richea, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	50
Lieut. Williams, Pembroke	50
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	49

Capt. Liddell, Montreal I.	20
Mrs. Braund, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	20
Sister B. McNaney, Kingston	20
Capt. Banks, Quebec	20
Capt. DeWitt, Millbrook	20
Sister L. Phelps, Picton	20
Sergeant. Root, Belleville	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

60 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, London	238
SERGEANT-MAJOR MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
ENSIGN A. GAMBLE, Petrolia	147
ENSIGN M. COLLETT, Brantford	140
LIEUT. E. M. HOCKIN, Brantford	128
SERGEANT. YEOMANS, Chatham	120
LIEUT. HORWOOD, Sarnia	102
CAPT. HOLLETT, Strathroy	110
CAND. A. CALLEY, Ridgetown	100
Ensign H. Scott, Galt	85
Sister Brindley, Goderich	80
Lieut. Carr, Dresden	80
Ensign Dean, Hespeler	70
Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg	70
Sister L. Foubister, Windsor	65
Capt. A. D. Slote, Ingersoll	65
Mrs. Boxall, Windsor	65
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	58
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	56
Capt. Huntington, Clinton	55
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	54
Lieut. J. Bonny, Bothwell	50
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton	50
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	45
Sister Bond, Wingham	45
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor	40
Sister M. Schuster, Berlin	40
Bro. A. McLean, Hespeler	40
Adj. Coombs, London	40
Sergeant-Major M. Allen, Mitchell	38
Ensign Raynor, Paris	38
Capt. Coe, Essex	36
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas	35
Sergeant. Graham Thamesville	35
Capt. Hoddinott, Blenheim	35
Lieut. Winter, Goderich	34
Sister A. O'Donnell, Galt	33
Sister Durrant, Galt	33
Sergeant. Butter, London	32
Sergeant. Palmer, London	31
Sergeant-Major Wilson, Tilbury	31
Lieut. Payton, Clinton	30
Sergeant. M. Rock, Chatham	30
Sergeant. Harris, London	30
Mrs. Robinson, Tilsonburg	29
Sister Atkinson, Tilsonburg	29
Lieut. Churchill, Tilbury	29
Lieut. Burrows, Paris	28
Bro. S. Rumble, Blenheim	25
Sister McCann, Chatham	25
Mrs. Cutting, Essex	25
Bro. McCurry, Petrolia	22
Bro. A. Pinnell, London	21
Sergeant-Major Cannon, Ingersoll	20
Sister C. Simmons, Ingersoll	20
Sister G. Cheeseman, London	20
Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham	20
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	20
Bro. Scott, Bothwell	20
Mrs. Freeman, St. Thomas	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

51 Hustlers.

CAPT. A. HORWOOD, Charlotte-town	214
CAPT. C. ALLEN, Westville	183
SISTER M. GRAHAM, Halifax I.	140
CADET TAYLOR, St. John I.	140
CAND. D. BOND, Pictou, N. S.	118
CAPT. J. BOWERING, Glace Bay	115
SERGEANT-MAJOR VENO, Halifax II	110
CAPT. GREEN, Yarmouth	100
Bro. C. Wingham, Charlottetown	80
Sister S. Lebars, Fredericton	76
Sergeant. Armstrong, St. John III.	75
Sister Mercey, St. John I.	74
Sister A. Green, Fredericton	73
Sergeant-Major Chandler, St. John III	72
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. Stephen	68
Cadet Sharpam, Fredericton	60
Capt. Pittman, Sydney	58
Capt. Brehaut, St. John I.	56
Cand. Urquhart, Springhill	54
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock	53
Lieut. Burn, Summerside	53
Mrs. Ensign Frazer, Springhill	50
Lieut. Davis, Canning	50
Sister M. Pollock, Fredericton	50
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	48
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	48
Bro. G. Wambolt, Halifax I.	40
Cadet Pemberton, St. John I.	40
Sergeant-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	39
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	38
Sergeant. Allen, St. John III.	37
Cadet Kirk, Fredericton	36
Bro. Read, St. John I.	35
Lieut. McIvor, St. Stephen	33
Ensign Penney, Sydney	33

Mrs. Pitts, Springhill	28
Capt. Campbell, Kentville	26
Capt. Thompson, Halifax II.	26
Sister S. Pitcher, Sydney	25
Cand. Ginnivan, Halifax II.	25
Lieut. Held, Kentville	25
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II.	25
Sister B. Saunders, Yarmouth	25
Sister B. Perry, Yarmouth	24
Sergt.-Major Harding, Yarmouth ..	24
Sister A. Andrews, Houlton, Me.	24
Sister B. Ferguson, Halifax I.	23
Sister M. White, Houlton, Me.	22
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	21

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

24 Hustlers.

MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace ..	120
LIEUT. G. MORRIS, Rossland	120
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	115
CAPT. KNELL, Nelson	114
CADET FLOYD, Vancouver	104
LIEUT. GAIN, Billings	100
LIEUT. WALRATH, Livingston	100
MRS. ADJT. AYRE, Victoria	100
Sister Tracey, Anacanda	98
Capt. Meredith, Vancouver	94
Ensign Hay, Livingston (av. 2 wks) ..	90
Mrs. Hogarth, Kallispell	80
Capt. Thorkildson, Nanaimo	80
Sister M. Lloyd, Anacanda	74
Capt. Lester, Rossland	58
Treas. Bury, New Whatcom	40
Sister A. Powell, New Whatcom ..	34
Sister Gerrow, Nanaimo	30
Capt. Arnold, Trill	27
Ensign Stanbury, Anacanda	25
Lieut. Shanley, New Whatcom	25
Cadet Sweet, Sheridan	22
Cadet Brown, Trill	22
Capt. Lacey, Kallispell	21



CANDIDATE AND HUSTLER L. R. McRAE, OF MINNEDOSA.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

20 Hustlers.

LIEUT. MEYER, Grafton, N. D.	129
Cadet Curtis, Winnipeg	99
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	66
Sister McNabb, Portage la Prairie.	64
Capt. Brandser, Grand Forks	63
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	60
Capt. Mercer, Hillsboro	60
Capt. McKay, Larimore (av. 2 wks) ..	50
Sister D. Craswell, Valley City	50
Sister M. Chapman, Winnipeg	49
Cadet Wicks, Winnipeg	43
Adj. McNamara, Jamestown	40
Capt. B. LeDrew, Jamestown	40
Ensign E. Hayes, Fargo	36
Capt. Herringshaw, Emerson	33
Lieut. Hammond, Grand Forks	31
Sister S. Chapman, Winnipeg	30
Capt. Harkirk, Portage la Prairie ..	29
Sergt. Mrs. Seekins, Jamestown ..	20
B. Johnson, Winnipeg	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

2 Hustlers.

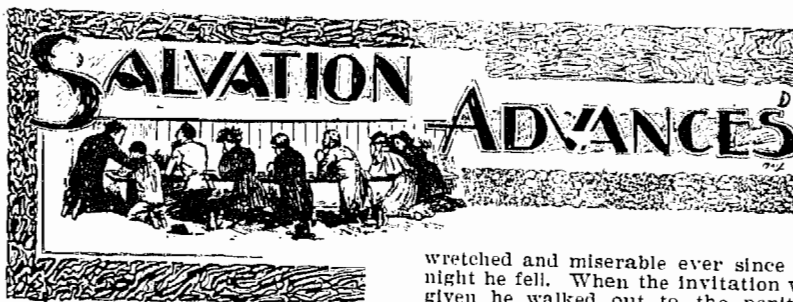
Lieut. R. Samsbury, St. Johns II.	30
Cadet Spracklin, St. Johns II.	24

A Piedmontese nobleman, into whose company I fell, at Trim, told me the following story:

"I was weary of life, and after a day such as few have known and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my coat in his anxiety to solicit my attention. His look and manner were irresistible. No less so was the lesson he had learnt. 'There are six of us and we are dying for want of food.'

"Why should I not," I said to myself, "relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does?" The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes, it went as a cordial to my heart. "I will call again to-morrow," I cried.

Pool that I was to think of leaving a world where such pleasures were to be had, and so cheaply!"



SAKINIA. — During the past two weeks we have had two souls seeking pardon.—Cowboy.

FARGO, N. D.—The devil has been defeated. FIVE precious souls seeking salvation and one holiness.—M. H. S., Reg. Cor.

HOULTON.—Good meetings all week. ONE soul saved. Capt. Percy and Lieut. Gray will farewell on Wednesday night.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—We praise God for TWO souls. For a long time they fought against God's Spirit.—D. Moulton, Capt.

VALLEY CITY, N. D.—Still victory can be recorded. ONE more soul in the Fountain. The writer bids goodbye to Valley City this week.—Lieut. Flaws.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Crowds and interest increasing. ONE soul in the Fountain on Sunday. Two asked for prayers. Bless God.—Capt. V. E. Lester.

HALIFAX I.—The Lord is with us. crowds are increasing, and on Sunday night THREE souls sought and professed to find salvation. Hallelujah!—Treas. Casbin.

OTTAWA.—On Sunday Capt. McColl was with us. Good meetings with THREE souls at the Cross, making a total of NINE in two weeks.—A. French, R. C.

LINDSAY.—Our new leaders Ensign and Mrs. Wiggins arrived here on Saturday night. Four backsliders knelt at Jesus' feet and cried for mercy.—A. M., S.-M.

WINNIPEG.—Since last report we have seen THREE precious souls at the Cross seeking salvation. The War Cry is very good, and every one sold out.—Cadet Mattie Wick.

LETHBRIDGE, N. W. T.—We have had great blessings. God has answered our prayers. Sunday night we had FIVE souls in the Fountain.—Yours in the war, Amandus Rosaine, R. C.

KEMPTVILLE.—We are glad to report victory. Our crowds are increasing. On Sunday, God was with us and we closed rejoicing over ONE soul seeking salvation.—E. Magee, S. Dawson.

SHERIDAN, Wyoming.—After some waiting Captain arrived. Good meeting Saturday, also all day Sunday; ONE soul at the Cross. The soldiers are a loyal and brave lot.—Cadet Sweet.

SUDBURY. — Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Bond we welcomed Saturday, and already have well hold of the work. Sunday night a sister came weeping to the cross.—N. R. Trickey, J. S. S.-M.

LISTOWEL.—Yesterday was a good day to our souls, although the weather was damp and cold. God came very near in the afternoon. At night ONE soul knelt at the Cross and the Blood was applied.

PARRSBORO, N. S.—Had some real good times and seen THREE wanderers at the Cross. Soldiers united and determined to have victory. Captain Durant has returned home again after a long voyage at sea.

MORRISBURG.—The new officers have taken hold in earnest. Crowds better, meetings interesting, and best of all souls are getting saved. We closed Sunday's fighting with TWO prisoners taken for King Jesus.—R. C.

WOODSTOCK, Ont. — Sinners are getting saved right along. We are looking forward to still greater things. God still lives to help. Poor drunkards have been proving God's power to save and keep.—Yours to fight, J. Paul, R. C.

BERLIN.—Our D. O. and the Guelph band with us yesterday. Good music, good cheer, and seed sown that will surely grow. Alas! for the much good seed (impression) that the fowls of the air (the foul fiends of hell) are allowed to pluck out.—F. M. K.

SYDNEY, C. B.—At last I am happy to report ONE soul Monday night—a backslider who for three years had been a soldier, had applied for the field, but said to say, the tempter came and he fell. He said that he had been

wretched and miserable ever since the night he fell. When the invitation was given he walked out to the penitent form; after some hard wrestling with God he said he knew his sins were all forgiven, and with God's help he would be faithful till death.—A. Hagell.

MINOT, N. D.—Here we are face to face with Self-Denial, planing and scheming to get our target. It is high, but in the strength of God we shall do our best. We are having good crowds and there is more interest manifested.—A. Graham, Capt.

EMERSON.—In spite of the wet weather and bad roads, God accompanied up for our first trip round the Circle, and we were gladdened by seeing TWO poor sin-sick souls plunge into the Fountain, both coming through beautifully.—Capt. Herringshaw.

MONTREAL II.—Capt. Michael has come to take charge at the Point. Already we have had some blessed times. Sunday morning ONE soul came out for a clean heart. Soldiers are getting more of the Spirit of God. There's a sound of abundance of rain.—W. G., R. C.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Week-end of spiritual power and blessing. Marches and open-air meetings real good, also good crowds at inside meetings. TWO souls at the Cross for cleansing. Hallelujah! The Adjutant is getting her plans laid for the great Self-Denial battle.—Trifortia.

HUNTSVILLE.—I arrived from Toronto, where I had a most beautiful time. Welcomed Capt. W. G. White on Saturday, Oct. 20th. Sunday, good day, with THREE souls. Wednesday night TWO backsliders. Finance improving. Victory ahead.—Lieut. T. H. Meeks.

OAKES, N. D.—We have had a visit from our D. O., Adj. Macnamara. Capt. and Mrs. O'Neil have arrived, and have already proved a great blessing to us all. Good crowds, good meetings, comrades all in good spirits. Our S.-D. is upon us, but we believe with prayer and push we shall smash our target.—E. S. Bly, S.-M.

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Comrades here are keeping faithful, rainy weather and muddy roads make little difference when platform is counted. A bean supper brought a good crowd and relieved finances. Captain goes to kneedril, "but where are the nine?" ONE soul has been saved.—A. Jess, Corps Cor.

REVELSTOKE.—Capt. Gooding has just been welcomed. May God bless her, and bring many souls to Jesus through her, is our prayer. We had Ensign Fitzpatrick and Lieut. Betts with us for the week-end. Glorious meetings. We all appreciated their visit. Good times since our last report.—Cand. Willis.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Real good meetings. Crowds increasing. The sealers are coming home. ONE soul forward. War Crys take well here since they were enlarged. Welcome meeting to Sergt.-Major Keefs, who has been away north for some time. We are all glad to see him back again. Sunday good time, each one doing their best for the Kingdom.—M. L.

ST. CATHARINES.—We have had wonderful times. Some have sought salvation and ONE poor prodigal has returned. Friday Lieut. Cooper arrived to assist the officers. Sunday Ensign Andrews was here with his lantern. We had a beautiful time Sunday. 7:30 p.m. ONE poor prodigal came and knelt at the Mercy Seat.—J. B. Beall.

PEARCEYTON.—Capt. Grose is on the move. Bro. Harvey writes an interesting report of some meetings held at Gilman, when a young man came forward for salvation. The incident caused great excitement, as can be judged from the fact, that a lady who has lived in the place for nearly ten years, has never seen anybody getting converted.

PARIS.—We are still at our post fighting away. Meetings good all day Sunday. The meeting was over at night, the lights were all out but two, the people had mostly gone, when your humble servant spoke to a man about his soul. He decided to give God his heart, and the penitent form was the scene of another soul crying for mercy. We prayed and sang, he prayed and believed and God saved him. So the

devil's numbers were lessened and he was mad, while we shouted Glory, and went home glad. Glory to God!—Wm. McLaughlin, Reg. Cor.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Just marching on at a steady pace. We are having beautiful times. THREE souls last week. Crowds increasing, soldiers on fire, band turning out splendidly. Sunday night's (6:30) "upper room" meeting for band boys. We are in for a big time, and the devil is in for it, too.—Yours to fight, H. Kreiger, Lieut.

LISGAR ST.—Adj. Moore has started a Salvation Fire Brigade of eight soldiers to seek to reclaim the backsliders and pick up the drunkards, and God has rewarded our efforts by getting back a drum-head convert who had fallen from grace. Another came out for sanctification, and Sister Smith has gone to the S. A. college.—S. McFarland, Reg. or.

SOCIAL FARM.—We had a lively meeting Sunday night. Lieut. Edwards is training this corps to be a proper band of salvation preachers. One, two and three minutes was the allowance to each person. Solos were plentiful. A rousing cheer greeted the announcement that Mr. Madden was to be Captain for November with his wife as Lieutenant. Adj. Dodd's farewell is indefinitely postponed on account of sickness.—Chas. C. Gooda.

NAPANEE.—

Our trust is in God to help us fight wrong.

As we lift our colors on high,
We're marching on with banner and song.

And the sixteen-page War Cry.
Though Napanee braves in numbers are few,

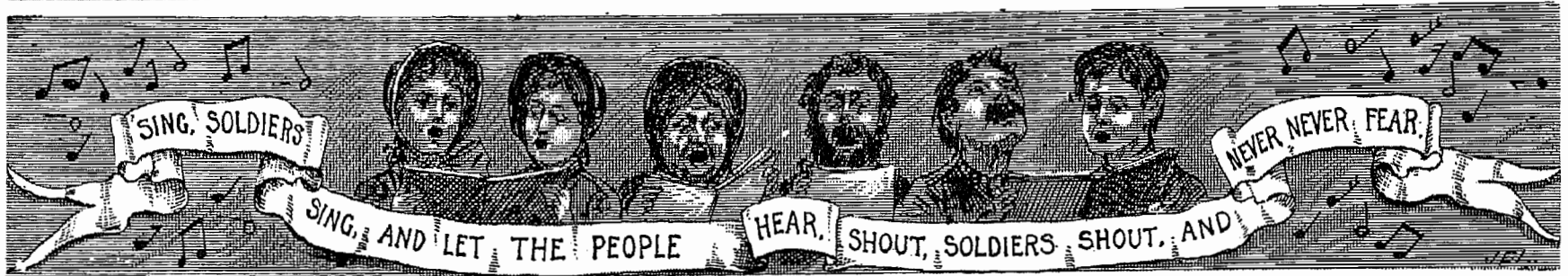
Unity is strength, you know;
With S.-D., W. C. and work up to the eyes,

We never will rusty grow.
—"Happy."

INGERSOLL.—A "hearty welcome home" meeting was held on the return of Mrs. Major Cooper, who has come home on an extended furlough, with her two dear little girls. We all welcome her to our midst once more. "Captain, who is that meek-looking sister on the front seat?" I enquired. "Oh, let me introduce you, Sister C., our last convert." Praise the Lord, her testimony was good. Souls are coming, one at a time, and are yielding all to Jesus. Scrubology seems a favorite topic (and a practical one) with our leaders. Barracks beautifully clean. Soldiers are taking hold of S.-D. with a right good will—bound for victory.—Reg. Cor. Minnie Kennedy.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—The Lord has given us a glorious time this past week. Thursday TWO souls. By invitation of D. O., visited Fredericton for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, astonished to find myself announced to conduct meetings. Saturday good crowd, interesting meeting. 7 a.m., some good praying done. 11 a.m., some sharp shooting. 3 p.m., good crowd, some liberty, well-fought prayer meeting, finished at 6 p.m., six souls. Hallelujah! 8 p.m., good crowd, heavy fighting, finished 12 p.m., seven souls. Thirteen for the day. Glory be to God! Monday, 10 a.m., Cadets' council. 1:30 p.m., Cadets again. Good holy lads. 8 p.m., Social meeting, fair time. Tuesday back to Woodstock to find that two souls got saved Saturday night. Tuesday night THREE souls. Wednesday, good meeting, took in \$5 for officers travelling. Wabell-out-post—in for souls. Adj. McLean is a level-headed D. O. in hustling himself and giving everybody else room and place to hustle. Result: Devil defeated and souls saved right round the District.—Adj. T. A. Magee.

HALIFAX II.—Monday night was a special meeting indeed. Mr. Guest, an officer of H. M. S. "Renown," assisted by Mr. Lancaster, a first-class petty officer, and six blue jackets, led. After the first song, prayer, etc., and a few words of introduction, Mr. Guest took the lead. He is an excellent speaker and was saved thirty years ago in China. Mr. Lancaster was saved between the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Helena, when his ship was rolling to and fro with huge waves. Brigade-Sergeant Morris is a second-class petty officer, and with our other comrades has proved for a number of years the power of God to keep on board ship. Bro. Taylor, better known as "Little Jim," brought the house down with his solo, "Butter and treacle each day." Bros. Bray and Hodge made themselves attractive by their singing and testimony, and last but not least came Bro. Lodge, who has just received his discharge from H. M. S. "Cordelia," to fight for King Jesus in the Salvation Army. A coffee social after the meeting put a finishing touch on its finances, and our coal bill was over balanced and we were glad. Come again, boys.—Capt. and Mrs. Thompson.



Ho inces

Tunes.—Euphony (B.J. 133, 1); Eaton (B.J. 167, 2).

1 O Love! Thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me.
While Jesus' Blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

By faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assails, I'll flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead:
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father! Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Rock of Ages

Tune.—Rousseau (B.J. 139; S.M., L. 45).

2 Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to the Cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne:
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

An Old Timer,

Tune.—Come shout and sing (B. J. 19, 1).

3 Come, shout and sing, make heaven ring
With praises to our King,
Who bled and died, was crucified,
That He might pardon bring;
His blood doth save the soul,
Cleanse it and make it whole—
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Chorus.

Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, don't you know,
Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, yes, I know!
Oh, bless the happy day,
When He washed my sins away,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Come, join our band, and make a stand
To drive sin from our land;
"To do or die," our battle cry;
We fight at God's command.
With banners wide unfurled,
We tell to all the world,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

At trumpet's sound we stand our ground,
And tell to those around,
Who have been long, with shackles strong
By sin and Satan bound.
Salvation God has sent
For all who will repent—
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Solo

Tune.—If you love me, darling; or,
Listen to her pleading.

4 There's a place called Calvary,
where the Saviour died,
Where they crucified Him, and they pierced His side;
'Twas for you, poor sinner, the Blood came flowing down,
That you might go to heaven, and wear a stary crown.

Chorus.

Listen to the Saviour, while He calls to thee;
Come and take salvation, offered now so free;
He will love you freely, all your sins forgive;
Come away to Jesus, look to Him and live.

You are drifting downward, drifting to your doom;
Heed the loving message, at the Cross there's room;

Give your heart to Jesus, lovingly He waits.
Come while He is calling, ere it is too late.

If you come to Jesus there's home for you;
One of those bright mansions far beyond the blue;
A robe of white He'll give you, and a harp of gold,
A crown of life, a victor's palm—the half cannot be told.

Mrs. R. C. Goodchild.

Free and Easy.

Tunes.—Above the rest; We're sure to win (B.J. 179, 2; My Maryland); Travelling on; The grace of God (B.J. 40, 1).

5 Praise God for what He's done for me;
Once I was blind, but now I see;
I on the brink of ruin fell—
Glory to God, I'm out of hell!

Chorus.

And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
And now to praise Him I'll begin;
I never praised the Lord before,
But now I'll praise Him more and more.

I spurned His grace, I broke His laws,
But Jesus undertook my cause;
Bad as I was, He cleansed my soul,
Healed my disease, and made me whole

Warning to Sinners

Tunes.—Depth of mercy (B. B. 22); Innocents (B.J. 123, 1); Plebel's (B. J. 123, 5); Weber (B.J. 211, 2); Christ now sits (B.J. 228, 3); Docility (B.J. 286, 3).

6 Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

Chorus.

Now, come down to Jesus' feet,
Meet Him at the mercy seat.

Life is earnest, when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never seriously be?

Hell is earnest, fiercely roll
Burning billows near thy soul;
Woe for thee, if thou abide
Unredeemed, unsanctified.

God is earnest, kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere He cast His judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Hark, the voice (B.J. 51, Blessed Lord); Guide me, great Jehovah (B.J. 121, 1); Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45, 3); Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2); Oh, the love of Christ (B.J. 273, 1).

7 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling—
"Come, ye laden, come to Me;
I have rest and peace to offer,
Rest, thou laboring one, for thee;
Take salvation—take it now, and happy be."

Yes, though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee;
Faith can hear Him loudly crying,
"Come, ye laden, come to Me;
Take salvation—take it now, and happy be."

Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the glorious message—
To the Blood for refuge flee;
"Take salvation—take it now, and happy be."

Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God, sent free—
"Take salvation—take it now, and happy be."

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from MAJOR SMETON, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

TO those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MAJOR SMETON, 8 A Temple, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 16 Albert St., Toronto.

JUST A WORD.

IF WE PLEASE YOU—TELL OTHERS
IF NOT—TELL US.

WHAT a hustle and a bustle!—what a crowded place was the Territorial Headquarters during the October Meetings—at our Sixteenth Birthday. Write your Provincial Officer, or drop us a card, and we will satisfy your inquiry. The Winter is fast approaching, and Christmas will soon come our way. You know we have the best lines in SUITINGS AND DRESS GOODS that will make you look like new creatures—as well as other uniform to fit you out complete for the festive season approaching. Don't put it off! Get some new piece of Uniform especially to celebrate Christmas and the New Year.

We know you are not selfish—you want to make some little presents to your friends, and also to your own household. A GOOD BIBLE is a thing that is highly appreciated. We have the S. A. Bible with red cover and gilt crest on the back. We say S. A. Bible—that does not mean that it is any different from the one you have been using, excepting that it is better. Price, \$3.50. Then there is the Bible with the Salvation Army Song Book, especially bound for us by the Oxford people—it is a beauty and costs \$3.00. Then our SONG BOOK, newly bound in Morocco, with yapped edges, in black, red and brown, \$1.00. Another kind of binding, strong leather and beautiful design, 50 cents. Besides we have the writings of THE GENERAL and THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH, to stir the heart. This is the kind to get. And then we have quite an assortment of Texts and Mottoes and other articles that will come in handy.

In all, remember that in buying from us you get fair value and the net profits go to HELP SAVE THE WORLD.

God bless you!

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

TRADE SCRAPS.

I received my suit. Its all o. k. I am well pleased with it. Thanks for promptness.—R. H. B.

My Tunic to hand, and extremely pleased with it. Also noticed that you were very prompt in sending it, etc.—C. K.

My uniform received all o. k. and fits to perfection. I am well pleased.—E. F. B.

The coat is just the thing. I like it very much.—J. B.

Dear Major Horn,—I received the watch safely, with guarantee. I think it is a splendid article, and am quite satisfied to keep it, as it is exactly what I wanted. If it costs more than \$10, let me know and I will send balance of amount. Believe me to be, yours faithfully, B. W. S.